Pretty Red Heart

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Pretty Red Heart

by Not_You

Summary

After learning all about Will Graham's alarming fantasies, Dr. Lecter refers him to a colleague, because he is interested on far too personal a level for objectivity.

And then, just when things are getting good, Will starts having these headaches...

The Referral

Will doesn't understand what's going on. He doesn't like that at all, and it's all Hannibal can do not to smile at his sweet, grumpy little face. As usual he cannot seem to shave or to commit to a beard. Hannibal usually finds sloppiness unattractive, but Will makes it work. Even now, as he scowls and crams his unnecessary glasses back onto his face in a feeble bid to hide his spasmodic blinking, so much more obvious when he's upset.

“Why?” is all he says, looking at the referral to a colleague that Hannibal has written out on his prescription pad in a momentary fit of whimsy.

“Because what I have learned about you professionally has made me want to see you socially,” Hannibal says. He has never before been in this precise situation, but has to assume that the direct approach will work best.

“What.” Will stares across the desk at him as if he is a monster, and Hannibal smiles.

“We have some very specific interests in common, Will, and you are a very attractive man.”

He narrows his eyes, the blinking settling down to a truculent glare. “...So you're a freak too.”

“Not my preferred phrasing,” Hannibal says, steepling his fingers, “but yes.”

“You've... you've heard me talk about these fucked up dreams and fantasies, and you've been, what, getting off on it the whole time?”

Hannibal sighs. “Do you know that a woman's tears of sorrow contain a factor that lowers testosterone levels in men?”

Will snorts. “I heard about that study and I don't think they had a big enough sample.”

“Either way, your genuine distress has had a similar effect on me. When you walked through the door I found you attractive, but it didn't matter. And then when we spoke and it could have started to matter, you were so deeply upset by the fantasies that you confessed that I could view them only analytically.”

Will snorts, face twitching. “But now that I feel more in control, I'm what, distracting?”

“Yes. And as always the fault, if it may be called so, lies with me. Whether you are interested or not, I need to refer you to someone else. I simply choose to be honest about why.”

“...Fair enough.” Will scrunches his eyes shut for a long moment, a self-taught coping mechanism for a particularly severe ocular spasm, and then takes his glasses off to rub at his eyes, looking inexpressibly weary. “Hannibal, I don't do normalcy. I don't do 'social.' I suppose it's flattering if you want to fuck me, but the only relationship I can maintain is with a pack of dogs.”

Hannibal chuckles. “I want to play with you. Emotionally, I'll take whatever you have to give.”

“Play.” Will's voice is still flat, but less actively hostile. He's curious now, the set of his shoulders giving him away.

“Yes. There is something between becoming a monster and locking all your lusts away, you know.”

“Like rape fantasy.”

“Indeed.” He raises an eyebrow, tilting his head as he studies Will. “Have you indulged in that?”

“A few times.” Will's voice is rougher now, and he swallows in a conscious effort to change that. It's one of the many little tells that Hannibal finds so charming. “I... I didn't like that I liked it. And not like the other stuff. You know. All of it is too real, but sexual assault is too ordinary.”

“You need the safe release of predatory impulses that comes with pantomiming an atrocity you could never commit.”

“Precisely,” Will says, and contracts himself up a little in his chair to brood. Hannibal waits for him. “If we were going to 'play,' could I make you talk about the weird shit in your head for a while first?”

“Of course.” Really, Hannibal is looking forward to it. He doesn't usually enjoy disclosure, but he has a feeling that Will is going to appreciate even the darkest of his dreams.

“...Okay,” Will says at last, standing and picking up the prescription. “Where should we meet for our extracurricular activities, Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal just smiles, because he loves it when Will is comfortable enough to be arch. “Why don't you come over for dinner this weekend?”

“Why don't I,” Will says, tucking his glasses into his pocket. Hannibal just chuckles again, and rises to walk him out to the lobby, wishing him a pleasant day.

The Fucked Up Freakshow In Will's Head

Will is very glad to be owned by a pack of eight dogs. It keeps him stable. When he gets home from being simultaneously dumped and propositioned by his therapist, they swarm him and demand food as though nothing has happened. He crouches on the floor and returns all their greetings, making loving growls and whuffling noises as he pets them. Once everyone has had a treat, Will slumps into his armchair with some whiskey and ponders the future.

It's not like he's immune to Hannibal. He's a hatchet-faced freak, but his Old World courtesy and wicked sense of humor help him carry it off. Besides, it's not as if Will is any real prize, and Hannibal moves in a quietly feline way that's really... compelling. Will shivers, remembering the time Hannibal crept up on silent feet to fucking *smell* him. That's just another one for the Things That Shouldn't Be Hot list. Of course, Hannibal would say that it isn't about should or shouldn't, that denying what Freud would call drives of the id only makes them stronger. Now that the good doctor has a vested interest, Will isn't quite sure how to take his advice, even if it has cut down on the intrusive thoughts, nightmares, and situationally-inappropriate erections.

With that in mind, Will sips his drink, closes his eyes, and lets his mind sink down into the dark. The first time he had jerked off to the thought of eating human flesh he had come harder than ever before. And then he had run to the bathroom to vomit, and sat on the cold tile floor hugging his knees and trying not to cry. Now he reminds himself that he is free inside his own head, that his thoughts hurt no one.

Will imagines a forest, hot and green, and himself within it, all naked skin and bared teeth. A rustling in the leaves and he's off, chasing a frightened heartbeat and the soft, seductive scent of fear. He populates his fantasies with random, completely imagined people, but now he turns the fleeing figure into Hannibal, just to see how it feels. It feels good. Within this mental forest, they both speed up and of course Hannibal takes unpredictable turnings and plunges across a stream, but it doesn't matter. Will is right behind him, drinking in the scent of fear and exertion and then tackling Hannibal to the ground.

They roll over and over but at last Will has him pinned, sharp bones and long, lean muscle all pressed to the forest floor. Those dark eyes gaze up at him full of fear and just as much anticipation, and he whimpers and struggles to pant as Will bites his throat, hard and suffocating like something a lioness might do to a Cape buffalo. Hannibal makes a quiet, gurgling noise and he struggles, but he's trying to press even more of himself into Will's teeth, and he lets out a deep, constricted groan when the blood comes. Will growls and lets go only to bite again and then to lick the welling red from the near-white skin. Hannibal's sharp eyes are wide and glazed and helpless.

When his ringtone jars him back to reality, Will is rock hard and trembling a little, his skin covered in sweat. Three of the dogs are sitting expectantly by his chair, and he sighs, lurching up to grab the phone and then to let everyone outside to pee. “Hello?”

“Hello, Will.”

It's Hannibal, and Will is really glad that they're not face to face, casting a paranoid glance at the driveway, like Hannibal is going to pull up right now and see his barely-concealed hard-on. “Hi.”

“I thought we should discuss the exact nature of our dinner plans. Is this a good time?”

“Could be worse. I'm not allergic to anything, not a vegetarian, and have no religious restrictions. You?”

“A dedicated carnivore, with a similar lack of restriction. How pleasant to have an accord.”

“Good start, I guess. I'm free this weekend.”

“Saturday at eight?”

“I get too hungry for dinner at eight,” Will says, and Hannibal laughs.

“Seven, then?”

“Done.”

Hannibal laughs again. “Too bad we can't shake on the bargain.”

“I'll trust you for it,” Will says, and then adds a farewell and hangs up, calling the dogs back to the house and ducking into the bathroom to finish his fantasy, imagining his hands and face slick with blood, the taste of it on his lips and his tongue, the heavy, rich fluid coating his hair, the hot, copper scent of it everywhere. Will comes with a harsh groan, slumping onto the closed lid of the toilet to catch his breath.

That night Will dreams of blood in his mouth, and he wakes up shaking and hard again.

The First Date I

Hannibal takes hospitality very seriously, and the duties of a host only become more important on a first date or near-equivalent. He doesn't want to overwhelm Will, but there's no need to give up every indulgence. There will be candles, and there will be a decent wine. No exotic organ meats or animals that Americans aren't used to eating. In fact, he's being very homey about this entire thing. No red-blooded, non-vegetarian American will be able to blame him for making meatloaf and mashed potatoes. If there are veal and chanterelles in the meatloaf and kashkaval in the potatoes, that's only to be expected. He has just finished tossing the salad when the doorbell rings, and he smiles.

Will is standing on the mat with a bakery box balanced on one hand. He has not bothered to shave, but he has bothered to dress. Hannibal is honestly impressed by how lovely his lines are in a good suit, and he says so as he takes the box, well beyond pleased to see Will blush. He gives him a very lingering, appreciative, and unprofessional up-and-down, and Will actually shuffles his feet like bashful boys are reputed to do. It is far beyond adorable. Will looks around as he enters, those wide, blue eyes taking everything in. When he forgets to carry himself like wounded prey, there's a delicate, feral grace to the way he moves that captivates Hannibal.

Rather than saying anything about it and alarming him, Hannibal just takes Will's coat and hangs it beside his own before leading him into the kitchen. Will settles onto one of the bar stools, and gratefully accepts when Hannibal offers him a glass of wine. In the course of this task he takes a moment to open the box, and he isn't surprised at all when the source of its faint and delectable butter-and-almond scent turns out to be madeleines.

Hannibal smiles. “I have already made dessert, but these will be a fine addition, thank you.”

Will shrugs, accepting the offered glass. “I, uh, I was raised that way. To bring things. And I have a feeling you know way more about wine than I do.” He sniffs it cautiously, not in the self-conscious way of a man reminding himself to do it, but the way a dog sniffs at any new thing.

“That is probably true,” Hannibal says, setting the box aside and going to the stove to check on the sauce, “but then, I know a great deal about wine.”

Will chuckles. “You seem like the type.”

Hannibal just tilts his head in acknowledgment, because Will is completely right. He smiles and takes a sip, pausing to appreciate it, not looking surprised, the way far too many people do when confronted with good wine, but attentive. Like so many other things about him, it is utterly charming. The thought reminds him of his own inability to remain professional with Will, and to wonder about his colleague's performance with such a precious patient.

“So, how are you getting along with Dr. Bloom?”

Will chuckles. “I like her a lot. She's just the kind of girl I always used to fall in love with, before I realized that was a bad idea.”

“I see.” He opens the oven door for just a glimpse at the meatloaf, pleased to see it browned and crisp on the outside. “And what kind of boys did you fall in love with?”

Will snorts. “It's hard to say, now. At the time I didn't get it, especially since I was a clingy, off-putting loser with whatever friends I had anyway.”

“And now?” Hannibal says

“Now I have dogs and personal boundaries. And a place of my own. Some of it really was just from moving all the time.”

“I am glad that you have found a place in the world, Will.”

His mouth quirks in one of half a dozen self-deprecating ways that Hannibal has identified over the course of their acquaintance. “I'm not always sure that I have.”

“Well, for now you can take a place at my table,” Hannibal says, and Will laughs, obeying his gesture toward the table.

Hannibal sits down to eat the salad with him, accepting the compliments on it that are his due. It can be so hard to find good produce. The chervil is from his own garden, and the lettuce is from the best organic grocer within a hundred-mile radius.

“A hundred miles?” Will says, raising an eyebrow.

“A hundred miles,” Hannibal says, rising to clear the small plates away. “I am very particular about what I put into my mouth. And whom,” he adds, heading back into the kitchen.

The First Date II

Will may have to marry Hannibal just for the food. He cleans his plate and feels weirdly loved when Hannibal is so happy about that. Dessert turns out to be chocolate mousse, and the madeleines do go well with it. It also makes Will laugh, when he realizes what Hannibal has been doing. Hannibal gives him a look that's a silent invitation to share his little joke with the rest of the class, and Will grins at him.

“Meat and potatoes with chocolate pudding for dessert, Hannibal?”

“I did not wish to alienate any provincial tastes you might have, yes. Have I succeeded?”

“Of course you have,” Will says, “but for the record, you can venture further afield without losing me.”

“I'll keep that in mind,” Hannibal says, giving Will one of those intense looks that makes him feel a little breathless.

Once they have finished dessert Hannibal clears everything away, relocates Will to his couch, and returns from the kitchen with some kind of ancient brandy that tastes like blackberries and secrets.

“I guess it's time to get to our stated purpose, huh?” Will says, swirling the deep, nearly red-gold liquid a little, just to see what the light does to it. Hannibal smiles at him over the rim of his glass, lounging against the opposite arm of the couch. Will is surprised he even knows how to lounge.

“Indeed, Will,” he says, with one of those creepy-cute little smiles of his. “Now is your chance to ask whatever you like about the weird shit in my head.”

“All right, then. Tell me something you jerk off to.” He's still a little angry that Hannibal pressed him on that, made him describe the green forest and his hungry hunt through it and then admit out loud in human words to jerking off to it. He can tell by Hannibal's smile that he's remembering the same thing.

“As a gesture of good faith, I shall give you one of my nearest. Something I have dreamed time and time again, and refined in waking moments, like your forest.”

“The gesture is appreciated,” Will says, and settles deeper into the couch to listen.

“Where your visions are so delightfully feral, so red in tooth and claw, mine are more... domesticated.” He sips his brandy, eyes turned upward in reminiscence. “Cutlery and candles and my prey, stretched out supine for serving. Hunting fantasies came after that, but the very first idea of the kind was all about flowers and candlelight and serene stillness.”

Will shudders, glancing over at the table and seeing himself stretched out on it, tastefully adorned with Easter orchids, the candles making his skin glow gold. “Conscious, or not?” He

asks, sipping his brandy because his voice sounds rough to his own ears.

“It varies,” Hannibal says. “I can tell that I'm far more attracted to processing and presentation than you are, but I'm also certain that we could find a happy medium.”

“Could be,” Will says, and wonders if the all-body warmth he feels is making itself obvious in a blush. The way Hannibal smiles at him and just touches the tip of his tongue to one canine tooth makes him pretty sure that it is. “We do both seem to be tops, though,” Will says. “That might be a problem.”

“Believe me, Will, I do not find the idea of being devoured by you unattractive.”

“When did you realize you were going to have to transfer me?”

Hannibal chuckles. “On the first day, I thought that you were remarkably beautiful. Realizing that you make doomed efforts to hide it only made you more charming, but you were still so tense and unhappy that I did not become worried about my ability to remain professional until you had been seeing me for three months.”

“And then you began to worry?”

“You wore a shirt that particularly suits you. That's all, but I found myself entirely too enraptured. Later, I had to admit to myself that I had wanted to slide my hands under it.”

Will can't help glancing at Hannibal's hands as he speaks. They're elegant and strong, and would probably slide very nicely. He takes another sip of brandy, watching him. He feels hunted and happy at the same time, and a little worried because that's a seriously volatile mixture.

“You are very beautiful, Will,” Hannibal says, and reaches out to him with his free hand. “Come closer?”

Will shivers, and shifts and crawls, feeling awkward until his head is resting on Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal wraps his arm around Will and holds him close, letting him cuddle in along his side. “There,” he says softly, resting his cheek on Will's head. “Antoine de Saint-Exupery said that love does not consist of gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction. I find that most relationships of mutual respect are the same way.”

The First Date III

Will once quoted his friend Beverly's description of himself as 'a tragic victim of cuddle deficiency,' and right now he's certainly acting like it. Once he finishes his brandy he gives Hannibal the glass for safekeeping and buries his face in his neck, making adorable little noises of satisfaction in his throat as Hannibal sets both glasses aside and hugs him tightly, rubbing his back. Will clings to him, sliding one leg between Hannibal's so they can be even closer. He isn't hard, and if he was it would be pressed to Hannibal's hipbone rather than anything more personal.

For now Hannibal is more than content to just hold him, nuzzling into his hair and murmuring endearments in languages that he is reasonably sure Will doesn't know and breathing in the well fed and sleepy-sweet scent of him. After a while of this Will actually dozes off, and Hannibal has the privilege of observing him completely unguarded. Awake, he had been trying to hide his face, and there had been just a taste of fear to the way he clung to Hannibal. Now his head is at a more comfortable angle, exposing the side of his face, while his arms rest limp and warm on Hannibal, trusting him not to vanish.

“You are unfathomably precious,” He murmurs, too quietly for Will to even stir in response. Hannibal smiles, and begins the painstaking process of extricating himself. Holding Will is wonderful, but he has leftovers to put away and dishes to wash. Still, he goes slowly. It's no good to yank himself away from Will the way he is so obviously afraid of. He frees his hips first, gently pushing Will's back. He makes sure to keep the pressure even and steady, and presses Will against the back of the couch, hip bone cupped in his palm. Hannibal can't help but imagine fucking Will from behind, slow and hard, his hands resting on this bone and its mate as he growls filth into Will's ear whenever he's not sinking his teeth into that lovely skin. He shivers, and carefully removes his hand.

The arms prove far trickier, and Hannibal wonders if Will is actually part octopus as he bonelessly moves with Hannibal. At last he discovers that gentle rubbing on the back of his neck relaxes Will enough for Hannibal to take one hand and bend the limp arm, leaving Will's hand curled up by his own chest. Getting his own arm out from under Will is nearly impossible, but finally Hannibal can stand. Will twitches and whimpers, and he sighs, crouching to brush a soothing hand over Will's forehead. He's very warm, but it feels like his natural state. Hannibal smiles, stroking Will's hair until he's soothed all the way down again, nestling into the pillow. Hannibal takes the throw off of the back of the couch and drapes it over Will.

Both of them are already in socks because putting shod feet on furniture is for barbarians, and Hannibal pads silently into the kitchen. The task before him is so routine that his mind immediately wanders from it. He wonders about the fantasies he didn't press Will to confess in their sessions. There's something about a butcher's hook in there, he knows. He had mentioned it in passing once, and the guilty way Will had twitched had added to his resolve to transfer him in favor of getting to know him outside the office. There are others. Hannibal is reasonably sure that a large part of the appeal for Will is the blood, the taste of it in his

mouth and the color and feel of it on his skin. If he has never envisioned painting that beautiful face with hot, sticky, red, Hannibal will be delighted to suggest it.

Hannibal chuckles, rolling up his sleeves and running water into the casserole that had held the potatoes. It is of course ringed with nearly-burnt cheese, but he considers the scrubbing a fair trade for the flavor. Besides, it gives him time to add the real weight and scent of Will in his arms to fantasies of his own. Truly having a favorite is the proverbial choice between his children, but one of the most comfortable is the one where he has Will naked and in chains and hungry. Not starving, Hannibal would never be so cruel to him, but hungry for the morsels Hannibal feeds him, beautiful, raw, red meat that he stretches his neck for and moans at the taste of, little shivers of pleasure making the chains clink. Eventually Hannibal will straddle Will and slide down onto his cock with the ease of daydreams, but for now he just watches him eat.

The First Date IV (And More Of The Freakshow)

Will wakes up with a jerk and an embarrassing little snort to find himself alone on the couch, covered by some kind of elegant throw that might be real cashmere. Light clattering from the kitchen lets him guess where Hannibal is, and he stands up, holding the blanket around his shoulders as he goes to investigate.

Hannibal is doing the dishes, his back to Will. Even thought Will is pretty sure he doesn't make a sound, Hannibal looks over his shoulder when he comes in, and smiles. “There you are. I was sorry to abandon you, but I had to get the dishes started before everything congealed more than it already has.”

Will rubs his eyes with the back of one hand. “Want some help?”

“Not tonight,” he says, rinsing the casserole he had served the potatoes in. “Once you learn where I keep things, you may dry the hand-washed items and put them away.”

Will chuckles. “Thanks.” He yawns and rubs a hand over his face. “God, what time is it?”

“Fairly late. You're welcome to stay the night, but I will not take it personally if you would rather not.”

Will chuckles. “I'd rather stay, but I have to go home and check on the dogs.”

“Ah, of course.” Hannibal dries his hands, turning away from the sink. “All I have ever kept were cats and spiders, and both do quite well with unexpected absences.”

“...Spiders?”

“I enjoy spiders. They have their priorities in order.”

“I guess so.” Will yawns again, and sighs, wandering to the carriage clock in the living room. “I really do need to go,” he says, folding the throw into a neat square.

“May I kiss you before you do?” Hannibal asks, stepping closer and taking the folded blanket.

Will's heart starts racing in that not-entirely-sexy way, but it's more lust than terror and it's just a kiss, for fuck's sake, the man isn't asking him to donate a goddamn kidney. “Yeah,” he says softly. “I'd like that.” Hannibal is very close now, but he moves slowly, like Will does with a stray dog. Will has never been big on eye contact, but he takes flickering glances as Hannibal moves in, his hands on Will's waist. There's something predatory about it, and Jesus, his eyes are a brown Will has never seen in his life, almost red, but Will is at most only half-afraid. And then Hannibal is kissing him and he can't help making a weird little noise in his throat. There's not even any tongue involved, but he's going weak in the knees anyway. He loses track of everything, and just sways forward and clutches at Hannibal's shirt in a way that's probably wrinkling it all to hell.

Hannibal pulls away slowly, their chocolate-and-brandy breath mingling as he rests his forehead against Will's for a long moment before he sighs and nuzzles into Will's hair, breathing in a deliberate way that makes Will shudder.

“A-are you *smelling* me?” He whispers, not sure if he's more disturbed or turned on by the idea.

“Yes,” Hannibal purrs. “You have a very pleasant scent.”

“Oh.” Will can't think of anything else to say, and just lets Hannibal hold him for another long moment before he steps back, smiling fondly at him.

“And now you have to go,” he says, “and rescue your poor dogs.”

Will chuckles. “I do. Thanks for everything,” he adds, and darts in to kiss Hannibal's cheek before fleeing into the night.

In the car outside he has to take a moment before he can start it up and drive away, telling himself that it has been way too fucking long if a kiss makes him react like that. By the time he gets home he's so hard that it aches, and he limps past the dogs with only a few perfunctory pats on his way to bed, stretching out on his back and opening his clothes rather than taking them off, imagining the forest again and whining quietly as his hand wraps around his cock. All he can think about is being inside Hannibal, the completely normal urge to fuck him combining with Will's bloody dreams until he's opening Hannibal's chest up, keeping time with the now-visible thumps of his heart. Will glances up at his face, and he smiles, putting one blood-streaked hand into Will's hair and yanking him down so he can bite that beating heart, covering his face with blood as he comes, slamming a pillow over his face so he won't yell loud enough to scare the dogs.

The Phone Call (Will's Cannibal Panic)

Hannibal sighs, sitting alone in his kitchen with a second glass of brandy. He usually likes the evening quiet of his house, but tonight he has to go to the harpsichord and play to fill the silence. He pictures Will's hands under his own, and wonders if he ever took lessons, and if not, if he would sit here with Hannibal and allow himself to be guided. It would be nice to wrap around him and stroke the beautiful bones of his hands as he plinked his way through some basic exercise. Will has wonderful hands, and Hannibal devotes a great deal of thought to them as he finishes his piece and makes his way to bed. From a fantasy about sucking fresh blood off of Will's fingertips, Hannibal slides into a dream he doesn't remember in the morning.

He wakes up slowly, and stretches from his toes to his fingertips as he lazily eyes the beams of morning sun coming through the blinds. He doesn't have to go into the office today, and he stays where he is for a while longer, enjoying that pleasant certainty and wondering what to have for breakfast. He has just decided on an omelet when the phone rings. It's an unusual time for someone to call him, and he wonders for a moment if it's a patient in crisis, even though true nervous breakdowns seem to prefer to the small hours. In a very technical way, Hannibal's first hunch proves to be correct. When he sits up and takes his phone off the nightstand, he sees Will's number.

Will is no longer a patient, but he is certainly in some kind of crisis. “Hannibal?”” he says, voice on the edge of cracking.

“What's wrong, Will?” Hannibal sweeps his hair out of his eyes. He wonders for a moment if one of the dogs has been run over, but quickly discards that because Will would either be stonily composed or actually weeping.

“Fuck, I am,” he says, with that terrible, defeated tone that means that he's feeling guilty about his sexuality again. Hannibal sighs, careful to keep it from being audible. These panics may be tiresome, but they're completely understandable in context and very painful for the man going through them.

“Will, your psyche may be damaged, but I would not call it a lost cause.”

“Hannibal, last night I jerked off to the idea of *opening your fucking ribcage to expose and bite your heart,* and came so fucking hard my vision grayed out for a minute and a half!”

“...Oh,” Hannibal says, aware that it isn't very helpful but incapable of saying anything else. He can feel his face flushing, and his cock going from the mild tumescence of every morning to true and avid interest. He bites his lip and takes a deep, slow, breath, reminding himself that Will has probably taken his silence for horrified disgust with a lacing of contempt. It seems a bit boorish, but sometimes the direct route truly is the best. “Will, I am currently refraining from touching myself solely because you are still distressed.”

“...Oh.” It's almost a squeak, an adorable little sound that fills Hannibal with the familiar urge to bite Will.

He chuckles. “Yes. Would you like to come over for breakfast?”

He can hear Will's shy smile. “You hosted last night, it doesn't seem fair.”

“My kitchen is always open to friends, Will.”

“Okay. I've already walked the beasts, but I need to put on a real shirt. I should be there in maybe half an hour?”

“I shall expect you.”

Once Will hangs up, Hannibal takes a quick shower and then prowls down to the kitchen to get to work, carefully slicing mushrooms and onions, setting the eggs and milk out to warm and digging the omelet pan out of the back of the cupboard. For a man alone it's a useless, flashy, oversized piece of self-conscious chef hardware, and he did in fact win it at a silent auction at least four Christmases ago, but it's probably the best thing he has for making two omelets at once. The thought that he might start getting some real use out of it makes him feel almost giddy.

Just when he decides that it's safe to start melting the butter, Will arrives. Hannibal leaves the butter to its own devices to go let him in. In a marked contrast to last night, Will is wearing torn jeans, rumpled flannel, and his glasses. He doesn't look utterly miserable, but still troubled enough for occasional ocular spasms. Hannibal is not given to greeting his guests with a tight hug the second they step through his door, but it feels like the appropriate response today, especially when Will sighs and clings to him like he had last night.

Breakfast

Seeing Hannibal alive and well and wearing actual slippers helps a lot, as does the way he holds Will to his living, beating, inside-him-where-it-belongs heart. Will sighs, and then chuckles as Hannibal asks if he can let him go to make sure that the butter doesn't get too hot.

“God forbid I get in the way of an artist at work,” Will says, releasing him. Hannibal chuckles and briefly touches his cheek before returning to the kitchen. Apparently the butter is almost too hot, but not past saving, and Will settles onto one of the stools to sip fresh-squeezed orange juice and enjoy the show. And with Hannibal, it really is a show, complete with knife tricks.

“It's good to know you could get another gig if the psychiatry things fell through,” Will says, and Hannibal laughs, deftly flipping the omelets. Will thinks of his father's eggs, brown at the edges and runny in the center, and wonders exactly how horrified Hannibal would be. His expression must give his amusement away, because Hannibal tips his head in that inquisitive little way that reminds Will of an ermine. “Remembering how my father used to cook eggs,” Will says, and goes on to maliciously describe the whole thing to Hannibal, who shudders theatrically and pleads through bursts of horrified laughter for him to stop as he goes into detail about the edges of the white crumbling, and about the little black bits scraped from the pan onto the plate. Will grins at him. “Somehow I think these will be better.”

“It would be hard to do worse,” Hannibal says, sliding each perfect omelet onto a plate along with some oven fries and an artistic swirl of sauce. The entire thing looks like the cover of some food porn magazine.

“I feel like I should frame this and not eat it,” Will says, and Hannibal chuckles.

“There is a powerful impulse to preserve art, Will, but some art is not meant to be preserved. Think of it as an edible sand painting, if you like.”

“Like those Tibetan mandalas?”

“Very much.” His smile widens as he picks up his knife and fork. “Embrace the impermanence, Will.”

Will embraces the impermanence, and its representative omelet. It is indeed a spiritual experience, and soon there's nothing left but a last couple pieces of potato and a smear of sauce. They linger for a moment and then Hannibal clears everything away and starts up a bizarre apparatus that turns out to make really good coffee. Of course there are matching cups that have no handles and were probably made by hand. Will wraps his hands around the warmth and doesn't lean on Hannibal even though he sort of wants to.

“Feeling better?” Hannibal asks, after a while of comfortable silence.

“...Yeah. You being alive kinda helps.”

“I assure you, Will, I want you to hurt me, not kill me.”

Will shudders, and bites his lip. “Okay, now I feel less better.”

Hannibal sighs and puts an arm around his shoulders, and Will allows himself to be drawn close. They sit that way for a moment before Hannibal sets his cup on the end table and turns his head, breathing in the scent of Will's hair. He apparently feels free to be obvious now, and Will snickers. “What?” Hannibal murmurs, nuzzling his scalp.

“What kind of a girl do you think I am, Dr. Lecter?” Will teases. “Just sniffing me without so much as a by-your-leave.”

Hannibal chuckles, the sound a little muffled. “Alas, you are sufficiently intoxicating to drive me to discourtesy.”

Will laughs. “Do you have some kind of graduate degree in talking like that?”

“No, but you are not the first to ask,” Hannibal says, nuzzling the rim of Will's ear and making him shiver. “Though perhaps the most beautiful,” he adds, almost to himself, like he's flicking through some mental Rolodex of all the beautiful people in his life.

“Fuck, Hannibal...” Will whimpers, twitching as Hannibal nibbles his earlobe and then lets go to bite his neck, slowly tightening his grip, teeth pressing harder and harder. “Oh...”

“Delicious,” he purrs, and Will makes a weak, quavery little noise in his throat and nearly drops his cup. Hannibal takes it from him and sets it next to his own even as he bites Will again, making him groan and crawl into Hannibal's lap, grabbing his hair and kissing him in the hungry, desperate way that's always too rough. Hannibal just growls and helps Will straddle him, grabbing his ass once he's settled and letting Will press him into the back of the couch and bite his lip nearly hard enough to break the skin.

Hannibal Refuses To Dry-Hump On The Couch When Naked Frottage In Bed Is Available

Hannibal cups Will's face in his hands, and takes control of the kiss. He loves Will's wildness, but has a feeling that if Will makes him hurt too much without a proper negotiation he'll be ashamed of himself later. He does that often enough as it is, and besides, there's something unbearably charming about the simultaneously grateful and thwarted way Will whines. Hannibal shifts one hand to squeeze the back of his neck and he groans, opening his eyes as they pause for breath, foreheads resting against each other. Hannibal can't help a little rumble of contentment, kneading Will's neck.

“Trying to scruff me?” he mumbles, shifting to kiss Hannibal again, soft and on the corner of the mouth like he's afraid he won't be allowed.

“Is it working?” Hannibal asks, and Will shudders, just barely grinding his hips down on Hannibal in a short, helpless movement that's probably involuntary.

Will sucks in a long breath and licks his lips. “Maybe a little,” he admits, and Hannibal chuckles, using the grip to pull him into another kiss as his free hand slides into Will's back pocket, groping and guiding him in the same motion. Now Will is pressed firmly against him in the way he wasn't bold enough to do before, and he groans, mouth falling open, too distracted to kiss back anymore. Hannibal doesn't mind. He devours Will's mouth, fucking his tongue along Will's and swallowing up every tiny sound Will makes as he lets himself grind against Hannibal again, committing to it this time. Even with clothing in the way, Hannibal is panting and thrusting up into each roll of Will's hips, the friction thrumming through his entire body.

“Ha-Hannibal,” Will manages to squeak, hiding his face in the crook of Hannibal's neck, “it's been way too fucking long and--” he moans miserably when Hannibal grips his hips and holds him back, but there's a note of relief in it, too.

“I don't care how quickly you climax, Will,” he says, “but there are things that I try not to do to my clothes.”

Will laughs weakly, and lets out another piteous little moan when Hannibal shifts him out of his lap. He is gorgeous like this, flushed and wide-eyed and trembling, and Hannibal can't resist kissing him softly again. He sways into it a little, and then lets Hannibal take his hand and lead him to bed. He seems astonished at the size of the mattress, and Hannibal can't help a soft laugh as he throws the covers back and stretches out on it, gesturing for Will to join him.

“Why am I not surprised that your bed could have its own zip code?” He asks, crawling onto it to lie down beside Hannibal.

“Because I value comfort?” He asks, removing his own shirt and then watching Will do the same. One of his arms has always been stiffer than the other, and now Hannibal sees the scar

from the presumable cause. It looks like a knife wound, and he leans over to put his mouth on it, learning it with lips and tongue as Will pants, each breath just barely voiced. “Beautiful,” Hannibal tells him softly, and Will whines, struggling out of his pants. He gets tangled up and once Hannibal has gotten himself undressed he kneels up to help. Will goes still and just watches him, pupils pooling open.

Unsurprisingly, he's wearing the kind of gray boxer-briefs that come in packages of three at any big box retailer, but they suit him. All the more for being damp and slick, stretched thin by his erection. Hannibal chuckles, and leans forward, ranging over Will's legs and lowering his head to bite into the hem of the briefs and pull them down. Will makes a strangled noise, staring down at Hannibal, his musky scent filling Hannibal's head as he catches the opposite edge of the garment with one hand to drag it the rest of the way, letting him slip it over Will's ankle and then drop it to the floor beside the bed. He just stares, chest heaving with his breath. The vibration of his thudding heart is visible as well, and Hannibal purrs, bracketing Will's head with his forearms and kissing him again. Will seems so helpless that it's a surprise when he reverses their positions, but not an unwelcome one. Hannibal grins up at him, and Will smiles back for a moment before his face collapses into ecstasy as he lines up along Hannibal's cock and starts thrusting, a fast, hard, and desperate rhythm. Hannibal shivers and grips the back of his neck again, dragging him down and into biting range.

Will Is Bitey

Will can't stop shaking any more than he can stop rocking against Hannibal, humping him like a dog. He knows how stupid he must look, but it feels so fucking good and Hannibal is letting him bite and bite and *bite*, the way no one ever does. He wants to break the skin, to get blood all over his mouth, but they haven't talked about that so he settles for livid marks that are sure to bruise dark. More than allowing Will to bite, Hannibal is luxuriating in it. He presses up into Will's teeth, low groans punctuated by the occasional growl. His nails are digging into Will's back and clawing long marks of their own. Will moans and has to just rest his face on Hannibal's chest for a moment, whimpering as he claws him again.

“Ohh *fuck*,” Will breathes, and bites Hannibal again, right over his thumping heart. He moans something in reply that is words, but not English ones, and then grabs Will by the hair, the pain going straight to his cock as Hannibal yanks him up and into a rough kiss. His other hand rakes Will's back again and that's it, Will is gone, shaking and bucking in Hannibal's arms as he comes all over his belly. He bites onto Hannibal's chest again not to muffle the raw, formless noises he's making, but just to hold on, to taste.

Will slowly comes back to himself, catching his breath as Hannibal strokes his hair. He's still hard against Will's thigh, but seems content to remain that way for a while, just petting him. Will groans, mouth latching onto one nipple. It's very gratifying to make Hannibal shudder, and Will sighs through his nose, sucking steadily even though he's still a little breathless. When Hannibal tugs at his hair he's reluctant to go until he realizes that he's just guiding him to the other nipple. Guys have given Will crap for how much he likes to do this, but Hannibal just moans quietly and pulls Will's thigh between his own, thrusting along it slowly and rumbling soft, disjointed praise. There's something in there about the smoothness of Will's skin and the perfect color of his eyes and how very beautiful he would look, painted with blood.

“Yours?” Will growls, biting him over the heart again and holding on as he comes, bucking under him and crying out. There's an almost frightened note to it, and when he's finally quiet and still again he wraps himself around Will, holding him tightly, thighs gripping his hips as well. Will is tall enough that it's rare to be bundled up wholesale, and he sighs, just resting on Hannibal.

“Clearly,” Hannibal says at last, “we need blood tests. And to find someone to feed and walk your dogs so you can spend the night with me sometime.”

“I love this plan,” Will drawls, “I'm excited to be a part of it.”

Hannibal chuckles, rubbing his back. “Wonderful.”

“I want to taste your blood,” Will says, very quietly. Now he really is hiding his face in Hannibal's chest, because he still feels like it's a fucked up thing to say, even as Hannibal moans, his arms tightening around him.

“You will,” he says softly, pressing a kiss to the top of his head. “Don't be ashamed of what you want.”

“Easier said than done,” Will mutters.

“Perhaps, but that is no reason not to try.”

Will makes a small noise of amusement, and then of complaint as Hannibal shifts him to the side, relaxing as they stay in skin-to-skin contact. “We will have to bathe at some point,” Hannibal says.

“Don' wanna,” Will mutters, his face mashed against the side of Hannibal's chest, where he can feel the vibration when he laughs. They lie there a few minutes longer, but finally get sticky enough that Will lets Hannibal bully him up and out of bed. He takes Hannibal's hand and follows him to the bathroom, where there is an enormous claw-foot tub. He runs some warm water into it, and guides Will to sit down. He still feels dazed, and just lies back against the sloping end and lets the water level slowly climb as Hannibal gathers a handful of washcloths. He shifts to let the other man climb in beside him, and then groans and sighs, stretching happily in Hannibal's arms as he begins to wash him.

“What's so funny?” He mumbles when Hannibal laughs.

“You remind me of a puppy,” he says. “Soft and sweet and silly.”

“I'll take that as a compliment,” Will sighs, wriggling a little.

“Good, it was meant as one,” Hannibal says, kissing his forehead.

Let's Talk About Eating People

It is very pleasant, having Will around. He submits graciously to being washed and cared for, and curls up into an adorable, fluffy ball to nap in the very center of Hannibal's bed, like some spoiled pet. Hannibal gazes fondly at him from the doorway for a while, and then goes to wash the coffee cups and put everything away, wondering what Will's home is like. He has some idea, the impression of a small house far away from others. He knows about the pack of dogs, and about the porch, and that some nights Will turns all the lights on and walks out across the fields to look back at everything that sustains his life, held apart from the darkness like a boat on the ocean.

Hannibal knows all about the meaning of Will's home, but he only has conjecture as to the colors and smells of the place, and to the exact nature of the objects with which Will chooses to surround himself. Everyday things, Hannibal is sure. Some of them old, but nothing so bourgeois as an antique. He chuckles, and pours himself a second cup of coffee in his spotless kitchen. Will's is surely not half as neat. Nor so well-stocked, and he sighs, thinking about the terrible things Will has described eating. It's a travesty, because his palate is good, if untaught, and Hannibal can only imagine how delectable his scent would be on a better diet.

It's almost noon when Will comes wandering out of the bedroom in his tattered jeans and nothing else. His hair is a complete mess and he's rubbing at his eyes with both fists and is altogether so adorable that Hannibal's heart gives a worrying sort of sideways lurch in his chest.

“Good morning, Will,” he says, pleased to hear his voice as even as ever.

“Is it still morning?” Will mumbles, squinting in the sunlight.

“Technically, but not for much longer.”

“'s what I thought. Where do you keep your water glasses?”

Hannibal fetches two, and fills them from the lemon zest infused pitcher he keeps in the refrigerator. Will thanks him, settling at the table and taking a long pull from the glass. Hannibal watches the muscles move in his throat, committing it to memory.

After draining the glass will sets it on the table and groans, rubbing his hands over his face. “This is why I don't nap.”

Hannibal chuckles. “In that case I feel privileged to witness your present state.”

“...How many of those fantasies I told you about do you remember?”

“Are we counting that vivid image you confessed before coming here?”

“Yes.”

“In that case, I have a set of three. That one, the forest, and the cave.” The cave is particularly nice, in Hannibal's opinion. It's the most dominant and sadistic of all three, so naturally he cherishes it. Will grimaces at the mention of it, and Hannibal just smiles. “In return I offer you the oubliette. A comfortable dungeon, with you chained to the wall and letting me feed you morsels of flesh. You're some kind of dangerous and beautiful pet, like a tiger.”

“...Fuck,” Will whispers, staring at him with that ashamed and hungry look in his eyes that Hannibal wants to make a picture of before he destroys the original, coaxing every inch of the beautiful monster out of Will Graham.

“That part comes after,” he says, and Will lets out a breathless laugh. “There's another where the fucking comes first, and I bring the blade up in secret, reveling in how surprised you are when it slides into you.” Will is biting his lip now, shivering a little. “And the third you already know about. With you I like it best when you're conscious, when you lie there on the table and let me carve and consume you.”

“By candlelight?” Will asks, his voice quiet and rough.

“Yes,” Hannibal says, watching Will over the rim of the glass as he sips his water. “With slices thin enough for it to glow through.”

Will squirms and looks away, blinking hard. “I... god, it's so fucked up that that's hot.”

“We are both consenting adults,” Hannibal points out, and Will laughs.

“That's what Armin Meiwes said.”

Hannibal draws himself up, making a quiet and indignant noise through his nose. “I would *never* overcook your penis, Will.”

Will stares at him for a long moment and then bursts out laughing. Hannibal has no choice but to join him.

Digital Penetration

Will really does need to get home and look in on the dogs, but there's time for him to fall into bed with Hannibal again before he leaves. He can't possibly resist. Appropriately enough, he feels starved. He can't seem to keep his mouth off of Hannibal, biting brutally and then licking, sucking, or kissing in apology, desperate little moans muffled against Hannibal's chest or his shoulder or the side of his neck. Under him Hannibal is just melted, panting softly and letting out encouraging little moans, one hand loosely gripping his hair and the other resting on the back of his neck. That warmth and weight is still way more fucking soothing than it should be, and he groans, lining up on Hannibal's thigh and setting up a slow grind.

“Will,” Hannibal murmurs, “how do you feel about digital penetration?”

And Will is so fucking fried that for a moment he thinks about computers and is confused before the fact that Hannibal is talking about fingering catches up and he moans. “Pretty fucking good,” he says softly. “You or me?”

“You,” Hannibal purrs, rolling them over and kissing Will again. He whimpers, and lies right where Hannibal leaves him as he watches him crawl over to the nightstand, feeling incapable of anything else.

“Your ass is fucking perfect,” Will informs Hannibal, and he laughs, shifting his hips a little, probably for Will's benefit.

“Thank you, mon petit chou,” he says, and returns with the lube at last, stretching out beside Will and kissing him again as he slicks up two fingers.

“S-slow,” Will whispers, feeling shy even as he spreads his legs and plants his feet on the mattress.

“Of course,” Hannibal murmurs, kissing his cheek as one fingertip rubs slow circles on his hole.

“I haven't even done this to myself in at least three months,” he admits, rushed and a little giddy, and Hannibal smiles.

“I love the thought you doing this to yourself, but for now I'm more eager to assist.” He pushes in very gently, just the first joint of his forefinger, barely opening Will up and making him moan quietly and struggle to relax. He does actually like this, likes it a lot, even, but he's tense everywhere and this is no exception. Hannibal must feel it, because he keeps still, just kissing Will and stroking his hair, mumbling in French again because he knows Will doesn't know any.

Once his stupid body has realized that Will wants Hannibal where he is and that neither of them are in any hurry, things get easier. Hannibal has already worked the rest of that first finger in and now he feels free to move, middle finger rubbing the slick rim of Will's ass as

the first one explores him, finding out just where to press, and how fast and how far to withdraw and to push back in. It's Will's turn to melt now, to lie here helpless and let every useless noise tumble out of his slack mouth. The second finger goes in smoothly, and Will groans deep in his chest, his head tipping back as he surges up to meet Hannibal's touch.

“Beautiful,” Hannibal growls, adding more lube and pushing his third finger in. It's a stretch, but one that Will is now more than prepared to make, and he clings to Hannibal's shoulders as he pushes as deep as he can get. “I love feeling your heartbeat from the inside,” he says softly, and Will clenches hard on his fingers and actually keens, a strange, high sound that he doesn't usually make. Not that there has been any 'usual' for years and now he squirms and sobs as Hannibal fucks him on three fingers, biting onto Will's shoulder. His free hand comes to cradle the back of Will's head as he lines up along his thigh and thrusts hard enough to rock both of them, his hand protecting Will from hitting the headboard.

Will is already close, and when Hannibal shifts his arm so that Will can rub against it as he keeps plunging his fingers into and into and into Will, discovering that slick, hard stroke over his prostate that just fucking *destroys* him and repeating it until he wails and comes for longer than he thought possible, until he's utterly drained and his balls actually ache a little. Hannibal is grunting softly into his ear as his hips speed up and then he's groaning deep in his chest and shaking through his own orgasm and it's the most beautiful fucking thing Will has ever seen in his life. He's not sure he can talk, so he just kisses Hannibal hard, and holds onto him for a long time.

Will Finally Makes It Out Of The House (Also, Bedelia Exists)

Will may not want a conventional relationship, but there is clearly an emotional component here and Hannibal is glad of it. He holds Will for a long time after both of them shake to a stop, and covers his bristly face with kisses. Will makes a piteous little noise when Hannibal slips his fingers out of him and he moans in response, hugging him even more tightly. He murmurs praise and endearments that would be too much if they were in any language Will knows, and holds him while he comes back to himself.

“Okay,” Will says at last, “this time I actually have to leave.”

Hannibal chuckles. “Let's see if you succeed this time.”

“Mmm. I will,” Will says, and reluctantly pulls himself from Hannibal's arms. “Who gets first shower?”

“You do,” Hannibal says, stretching. “I have all day.”

“Thanks,” Will says, and kisses his cheek, scurrying off to wash. Hannibal gathers his clothes for him, shaking them out and folding them neatly, setting the stack on the bed. Since Will isn't here to see him do it, Hannibal can shamelessly sniff his underwear, committing the scent to memory as he breathes it in and out as long as he can reasonably afford before folding them into a very small bundle with the stain on the inside and tucking them into the left front pocket of the jeans. That done, he puts a pair of his own clean underwear on top of Will's clothes.

“Your turn,” Will says, emerging from the bathroom in a cloud of steam. The temptation to draw him close again is nearly unbearable, but Hannibal settles for basking in Will-scented steam as he showers. By the time he comes out again, Will is fully dressed, and looking adorably shy. Hannibal smiles at him and kisses his cheek. “I, uh, I'll wash these,” Will tells him, with a tiny but evocative gesture toward the general area covered by borrowed underwear, and Hannibal chuckles.

“Take your time, I have more than enough.”

“Of course you do,” Will says, sounding amused. “...Do you want to come over next weekend? You've already hosted me twice.”

“I would love to see your home, Will. I also want to meet the dogs.”

Will gives him the most adorable shy smile, and after another moment to work out the logistics, Hannibal walks him to the door, kissing him again and then watching him drive away. Just like last time there's that funny little wave of loneliness, and Hannibal laughs at himself, shutting the door and going to find his phone. He has put together his own little bloodplay panel, and calls his preferred lab to order it again. He'll pass the specifics on to Will, and hopefully by the end of the month they'll be able to really taste each other. He shivers at the thought, and rather than getting dressed or looking over anyone's chart, he

sprawls along the couch and calls Bedelia. They had considered a professional relationship, but had decided that an honest attempt to be friends would be more genuinely therapeutic.

“Hello?” She says, her voice soft as ever, and he smiles.

“Good afternoon, Bedelia.”

“Good afternoon, Hannibal. How was your date?”

“Very pleasant,” he purrs, unable to help it.

“Please, tell me as much as a gentleman may.”

He laughs, feeling one of those disarming waves of warmth for her. He wishes she were here to touch, to express it. Just a light pressure of his hand on hers, this is Bedelia, but still. “At least doctor-patient confidentiality no longer applies.” He goes on to tell her all about dinner with Will, and how he is both pointlessly beautiful and exceptionally compatible. “It was more of a negotiation session than a date,” he adds.

“You sound a little... satisfied, for that,” Bedelia says, and Hannibal laughs.

“He came back this morning. At first he was upset enough that it wasn't sexy at all, but then he calmed down.”

Bedelia chuckles. “I see. Is it too early for me to feel vindicated?”

“Perhaps not on a technical level, but it would be poor form.”

“Then I will refrain, for now.”

“Why not tell me as much as a brother can bear about how things are with Chiyoh?”

“You should also refrain from feeling vindicated,” she says, “for the same reason.”

He laughs, and proves his heartfelt desire to support his friend's courtship by dictating one of Chiyoh's favorite nimono recipes. Bedelia has the patience to let things simmer properly, a quality Chiyoh has always appreciated.

Beverly Katz Is The Best

Beverly is sitting on Will's porch when he gets back, and he groans. “I'm sorry!” he calls, the second he opens the door to get out of the car.

She just laughs as the sea of dogs around her surges up to greet Will. “I decided that since I'd come this far, I'd at least hang out with the dogs for a while, see if you showed up.”

Will chuckles. “I'm glad it hasn't been too long,” he says, crouching to pet his delighted pack.

“So, where were you?” Beverly asks, hands in her pockets as she watches them.

Will can feel himself blushing. “I, uh... I had kind of a freakout?”

“Oh, I'm sorry,” she says, voice full of chagrined sympathy. “I was actually thinking you looked kinda glowy, shit.”

“Well, after I calmed down I did get laid,” he mutters, and she laughs.

“Details, girl!”

The plan has always been to walk the dogs and then settle in for booze and a movie, Beverly's choice this time, so they're soon in the perfect position for disclosure: walking side by side and surrounded by happy dogs.

“All right,” Will says, “you remember that I switched shrinks.”

“Yeah, I was there for that part. You never did say why, though.”

“That's because it turns out that he has the same unspeakable perversion as I do.”

“Oh, wow. So he dumped you as a therapist so you could be two honest freaks together? That's kind of sweet.”

“I guess so, yeah. I had dinner with him last night- he can really cook, by the way,” Will says.

“Clearly a keeper,” Beverly agrees.

“-and after I came back here I had some thoughts that concerned the hell out of me, so I visited him this morning and things happened.”

“Good, you need some things to happen to you,” Beverly says, throwing a stick for Winston. “But now that you've brought it up...”

Beverly has an ongoing game of Way More Than Twenty Questions about Will's 'unspeakable perversion.' She had named it that when she had found him having a panic attack in the evidence room back when he was still with the department. He had told her that he was a terrible person, a freak and a pervert and that he probably shouldn't be a cop. He

may also have cried a little, he refuses to remember. He hadn't even known Beverly that well then, but she had just put her arms around him and hadn't made any jokes about it until long after he had calmed down.

Will groans. “Fine, fine, we can play a few rounds. Go.”

“All right, let's see... amputations? Like, doing it, not just having a thing for amputees?”

“No.”

She laughs, and he glances over at her, confused. “I'm just remembering the look on your face when I asked about animals.”

“Ugh, it'd be like fucking a blood relative,” he says, shuddering, and Beverly laughs again.

“Of course it would, dog whisperer. Okay, let's see... necrophilia?”

“Asked and answered: no.”

“I figured I had. I don't know, you just don't seem... well, you are repressed, but not the kind of repressed to freak out about stuff that really is totally harmless. And you seem pretty okay with being bi, so that doesn't leave much.”

“You'll probably hit it one of these days,” Will says, shrugging.

“Maybe meeting this guy will help.”

“I don't think we're at the in-law stage yet,” Will says, and she laughs.

“Later, of course. I just assume that at some point our orbits will intersect.”

“Maybe. He's supposed to come over next weekend.”

“Well, I hope more things happen.”

“We did end up in bed twice before I got back here,” Will mutters, and Beverly laughs.

“I think the technical term is 'screwing like minks,' Will. It must be good, bad sex is depressing.” She runs a few circles around him, chasing Buster, who deeply appreciates the effort.

“It has been pretty good.” Will says, as Beverly falls into step beside him again, panting lightly. “I mean, I'm semi-feral and need to be re-socialized, but he seems all right with that.”

“Is he a cuddler? Real men cuddle.”

“Much more cuddly than I would have expected, actually. It's nice.” Nice is a vast understatement, but Will isn't going to get into it.

“Good, because your condition requires frequent supplementation.” She gives him a little one-armed hug as she says it, and Will smiles.

The Advent Of The Foodbringer

Hannibal has a trying week, and it's only partially because he just wants it to be Saturday. Franklyn is needy, Neal is hostile, and Hannibal isn't sure how much longer he's going to able to resist the impulse to tell poor Margot Verger to just murder her brother and make it look like an accident. He comes home on Friday night too exhausted to do anything but take a long bath and then go to bed, but Saturday morning dawns sunny and encouraging, and by half-past nine Hannibal is packing up the small basket he can't stop himself from bringing. Of course there are food offerings for the dogs, some chicken offal roasted with a minute amount of salt, and there's also a good loaf of bread for Will. He's also carrying lube and condoms, not wanting to be presumptuous, but determined to be prepared.

Once everything is packed up, he calls Will to warn him of his advent and to check the directions one more time. It's a longish drive, but Hannibal is willing to go further for quality produce, and within half an hour he is pulling up to a small house in the middle of nowhere with a vast collection of frolicking dogs out front. They swarm him as soon as he steps out of the car, but they're very well-mannered. None of them put their paws on him or even jump up as if they're about to, and they give the decorous barks of dogs alerting their master to a visitor.

Will appears on the porch, grinning at him. As usual when he isn't trying to keep people at arm's length, he's not wearing his glasses and is swathed in touchable plaid flannel. Hannibal grins back, and makes his way up the steps, trying not to trip over the pack. Will reaches over them and takes Hannibal's hand, helping him up the last step.

“Into the house,” he tells the dogs, and they charge ahead in single file.

Hannibal smiles, squeezing Will's hand. “Good afternoon.”

“To you, too,” he says, opening the door and letting out the mild scent of baking trout. “Come on, set that down in the kitchen. What is it, dog bribes? I know you'll at least survive my cooking, even if it's not up to standard.”

“Dog bribes and good bread,” Hannibal says, setting his basket on the counter and looking around. “After all, you brought madeleines.”

“True.”

“And your cooking smells very promising.” The house really does look like Hannibal would have expected it to, though the kitchen is neater and the interior is more rustic. He likes it here, and doesn't hesitate to say so as he wanders over to examine a half-tied fly.

“This really is a very intricate hobby of yours, isn't it?” Hannibal adds, peering through the magnifying glass.

“Something about the precision and the small scale calms me down,” Will says. “And fresh fish is a good incentive to invest in the skill.”

“Indeed,” Hannibal says, smiling fondly at him as the kitchen timer goes off.

Mercifully, Will turns out to be one of those men who understands how to cook his catch. The trout is moist, flaky, and tender, and is only seasoned with lemon juice, olive oil, and a little salt. The bread pairs well with it, and if the vegetables aren't as good as what Hannibal can find or grow, they're certainly acceptable. With a little coaxing, Will tells him about catching it. He has some very interesting ideas about lures and intent in angling, and as he talks, Hannibal wonders if there's a way to incorporate some of this into their shared fantasy without anything so undignified as pretending to be a fish. Not that the beast they're consuming isn't beautiful. Even more than the image of Will standing thigh-deep in a stream, Hannibal is charmed by the idea of him saving the very best of his prey to share.

When he says so, Will blushes and stares down at his plate. “I... I, uh. I hadn't thought of it that way,” he says, sounding a little lost. Hannibal can feel the slow, wicked smile stretching across his face, and hopes that he doesn't look too alarming.

“Aren't you glad to have me to point these things out?” He purrs, and Will chuckles, his cheeks and his ears still pink.

“Yeah, I am. Come on, I'll clear the table, you bribe the dogs.”

The pack is scarcely able to believe its good fortune, and it's a testament to their training that they manage to mostly stay still, just quivering and whining, not snapping at his fingers or growling at each other.

Dessert

Dessert is some nice, overpriced, gourmet, early-death ice cream. Hannibal's favorite flavor is actually vanilla, which is kind of hilarious, so Will has bought some of the truly good kind, golden, with little dark flecks of the actual bean. He has Rocky Road for himself, because he is proud white trash and doesn't care if Hannibal is sitting there judging his preferences. If he is, it doesn't show. He just slowly licks his own ice cream off the spoon in a way that should be illegal, lounging on the couch and giving Will a fond smile over the rim of his bowl.

“I've ordered my own blood panel. I can set yours up if you'd rather, or simply list the tests for you to bring to your own physician.”

Will chuckles, doing his own lounging on the floor with the dogs. “Our own blood panel. How romantic.”

“I think it is, in its way,” Hannibal says. “A unique portrait of physical intimacy.”

Will tries not to squirm, spooning up the last of his ice cream and keeping the bowl out of Buster's reach with the ease of habit. “You have a point, there. So we're looking for what, HIV, Hep A through C, and all the other usual STIs while we're there?”

“Barebacking is a side benefit of this kind of thing,” Hannibal says, running his spoon around the edge of his bowl. Will got that bowl for fifty cents at a garage sale, but Hannibal lends the kitschy pattern a weird kind of elegance.

“Does anything ever embarrass you?” Will grumbles, sitting up.

“Few things,” Hannibal says, setting the empty bowl on the end table. “Join me?”

“Yeah,” Will says, and settles onto the couch next to him. Hannibal stacks the bowls with one hand and draws him in with the other, guiding Will to cuddle in against his side. They end up in the same position as the first time, on Hannibal's couch, and Will chuckles as he realizes. Hannibal just smiles at him, sliding his hand down Will's side to grip and move his thigh between his own, settling them even closer together. On his hand's lazy return journey he squeezes Will's ass, making an apparently involuntary little pleased growl that's equal parts hilarious and hot. Will has no idea what to say to this, and opts to just nuzzle into the side of Hannibal's neck instead, taking a few deep sniffs of his scent. He does smell nice, but more importantly, it makes him tip his head back and groan almost inaudibly. His grip tightens and he moves Will to grind against him like he can't quite help himself and Will lets him, biting the crook of his neck hard and holding on.

“Will,” Hannibal gasps after a long moment, “there are things I try not to do to my clothes. And I hesitate to scandalize your dogs.”

“Did you bring rubbers?” Will mumbles against Hannibal's neck, “because I sure as hell didn't.”

“In the basket,” Hannibal says, and Will laughs.

“Tucked in under the bread?”

“It was a good place for them,” Hannibal says, and Will kisses him, muffling more laughter.

“You are fucking ridiculous.”

Once they can bear to stop touching each other for a moment, it doesn't take long to retrieve the condoms. Hannibal glances around shyly at the dogs, who are of course very curious to know what Daddy is doing with their new best friend, the Foodbringer.

“Come on,” Will says. “There's another bed upstairs.”

“Thank god,” Hannibal mutters, and Will laughs, taking his free hand and towing him up the stairs where they can put a closed door between themselves and the dogs. Buster nearly makes it into the room, but Will fends him off with one foot and shuts the door as Hannibal laughs.

“It's a rough life,” Will says, and Hannibal grins at him, unbuttoning his shirt. For a moment Will just admires the view, but then he hauls his own shirts off over his head and pulls Hannibal into his arms, growling and biting his shoulder. It feels so good just to hold onto the firm, warm aliveness of him, but Hannibal sinks back onto the bed, pulling Will on top of him.

“Fuck me,” he says softly, and it's weirdly hot because he almost never swears and Will has to just kiss him roughly, with tongue and teeth and devouring intent.

“God, yes,” he growls, and Hannibal smiles up at him, flushed skin already covered with nearly-black bruises from Will's teeth.

Will Is A Beast

Hannibal is versatile, but if he were forced to choose, he would have to let topping go so he could keep this. There are so many factors. Of course he loves the physical feeling, but the look on Will's face as he works two fingers into him is even better. He's ranged over Hannibal now, gazing down at him with those wide, blue eyes, looking a little frightened at the intensity of his own desire. It's rather attractive, even if Hannibal feels the familiar urge to soothe him.

“Okay?” Will whispers, stretching him wider, and Hannibal groans and wriggles happily against the mattress.

“Okay,” he says, smiling up at Will, who smiles back even if he still seems nervous.

“I just... it's been a really long time,” he mutters, fingers curling delicately inside Hannibal and making him groan quietly and bite his lip.

“You seem to have undergone no real loss of skill,” Hannibal breathes, and Will chuckles, hiding his blushing face against Hannibal's chest as he slowly starts fucking him on two fingers. It's good, but Hannibal has seen and felt Will's cock, and it's substantially bigger and exactly what he wants right now. He grabs Will's hair and pulls his head up. “Will,” he growls, making his growing impatience clear with that one syllable.

Will blushes. “I just wanted to be sure you were ready,” he mumbles, and Hannibal grins.

“Trust me, Will. I am more than ready.” It's sweet to be cared for, and Will is certainly far from ungraced, but now Hannibal is ravenous for him and knows that the accommodation will be easy. Will has the decency to take him at his word, rolling a condom over that beautiful, flushed cock and putting on what is really too much lube. The sheets are Will's to launder, however, so Hannibal simply concerns himself with getting into position, helping Will settle between his legs and then hissing softly as he strokes that broad tip across his hole once, twice, and again, and that's two times too many but before Hannibal can gather himself enough to complain, Will is slipping into him with a tiny sound muffled in his throat and huge eyes. He looks stunned, ecstatic with just a faint edge of terror, and Hannibal fights to keep his eyes open, not wanting to miss a second of it. Will lets out helpless little 'ah's with each breath, gazing into Hannibal's eyes in the way he always claims to find so uncomfortable. Hannibal grips his ass and pulls him deeper and he *keens*, a wonderful, broken sound that he will never be able to hear enough.

“A-ah fuck, fuck, Hannibal!” Will sobs, shaking. Hannibal just groans and digs his nails into Will's skin.

“Take me the way you want to,” he growls. He knows the tension in Will's body, can feel that he's still holding back. “Give me everything,” Hannibal whispers, stroking Will's cheek. He moans and nuzzles into Hannibal's palm, and then slides a few inches back to plunge in again. Hannibal sighs and clutches at Will's back, digging his nails in as Will speeds up, fucking him harder and harder until the headboard is banging against the wall. He bites

Hannibal in that delightfully hungry way, and he can't be sure if the pain of teeth on old bites or fresh skin is better. He arches his back and presses up into Will's teeth, eager to be devoured this way even as his body consumes Will's cock. Hannibal is usually more quiet than this, but soon Will has him crying out with each thrust, hauling one leg up over his shoulder and pounding into him in the rough, bestial way Hannibal knew he was capable of. He can't be smug about it now, and has to content himself with raking his nails over and over Will's back and moaning as fast as he can draw breath.

Hannibal has climaxed from prostate stimulation alone before and looks forward to doing so again, but this time Will grips him roughly and strokes him with no finesse at all until he's writhing and clenching hard on Will, mouth wide open but without a single noise escaping. He shakes for a long time and then holds Will as he whimpers, grinding frantically into Hannibal's oversensitive body before finally shuddering and letting out another devastated keen, hips pumping automatically for a long time before he subsides into Hannibal's arms with a quiet moan. Hannibal sighs, stroking Will's hair and holding him close.

“You okay?” Will mumbles at last.

“A little sore, but nothing I won't treasure,” Hannibal says, and Will laughs weakly, moaning again as Hannibal clenches on his soft cock.

Sleepover

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal just holds Will for a long time, and that's exactly what he needs. He feels wrung out and hollow, and Hannibal's strength and warmth are incredibly comforting. His heartbeat and breathing are slow and deep, and Will zones out for a while, just listening. After a while he slips out of Hannibal, but he can bear that now because they're still so close. He sighs, nuzzling into the hollow of Hannibal's throat, shivering happily as he rubs his back.

“There, there, darling,” he says, and Will can't even tell if he's being sarcastic.

“Tell me something fucking deranged that you want to do to me,” he mumbles, nibbling at Hannibal's chest.

“Hm... What do you consider deranged, Will?”

“Biting people's throats out and eating them.”

“Ah, well then. I wish to do nothing so final to you in reality, Will, but I have certain fantasies that might meet your criteria.” He pauses. “I've already told you about carving you. And I think that your ears are adorable and should be smoked, but that's less sexual and more silly. Rawr,” he adds, nibbling on Will's ear and shocking him into a fit of laughter.

“Smoked ears? Wouldn't they be tough?”

“They'd probably have to go into a stew,” Hannibal muses, “since they're all cartilage.”

“Would they still be cute?” Will asks, batting his eyes and making Hannibal laugh.

“Always,” he says softly, running one fingertip around the edge. Will shivers, and Hannibal makes a pleased little noise in his throat. “Would you eat something I had cooked with my own blood?”

“...You'd have to warn me you were doing it,” Will says, feeling somewhere between queasy and turned on at the idea, which is its own reason for alarm.

“I just had the draw for the panel, it would have to wait a while. Think about it and get back to me.”

“Okay,” Will says, yawning. “Mm. I'll try to get mine done this week.”

“I do so look forward to tasting you,” Hannibal purrs, and Will whines, hiding his face in his chest again.

“We're so fucking weird.”

“And it's fine to be weird,” Hannibal says, kissing the top of his head.

After what turns out to be another twenty minutes when Will looks at the clock again, they force themselves to lurch out of bed and clean up. Will gives Hannibal the first shower as a gesture of hospitality, and pulls his underwear back on, going down to let the dogs out for a moment and to pour himself some whiskey. He's sipping it slowly and savoring the burn as he watches the dogs chase each other and pee on all their usual spots when Hannibal comes padding up behind him. He's utterly silent, but has the courtesy to clear his throat when when he's far enough away that it keeps Will from jumping out of his skin. He turns, leaning back a little against the counter.

“Shower's free,” Hannibal tells him, with the kind of fond and amused smile that Will already likes far too much. It's all the more devastating because he's wearing Will's bathrobe.

“Good to know,” he says softly. “You want a drink?”

“Please.” Will pours for him, using one of the three nice tumblers he owns, and passes it to Hannibal with both hands. He accepts it the same way, smile widening. “Thank you.”

Will watches as Hannibal takes his first sip, remembering being on the other side of this dynamic with wine. Hannibal tastes with same cautious curiosity Will had, and then smiles. “Exquisite.”

“All my money goes to feeding the dogs, fixing the boat, and quality booze,” Will says, and Hannibal chuckles.

“I have always thought of you as a man with excellent priorities,” he says, and clinks his glass to Will's.

It's funny, how easily Hannibal fits into the household. He's staying the night, something no one has done in even longer than Will's pre-Hannibal dry spell, and it doesn't even feel strange. He watches the dogs while Will showers, and then they sit around with another glass of whiskey, and Will lights a fire as the temperature takes its predicted sharp drop after eight pm. The scene is appallingly domestic, and as Will cuddles up with Hannibal on the couch, he realizes that he doesn't even mind. He glances up, and smiles at the reddish way Hannibal's eyes gleam by firelight.

“You really are striking,” he mumbles, and Hannibal smiles.

“I am. You, on the other hand, are beautiful.”

Chapter End Notes

Relevant gifset: http://color-division.tumblr.com/post/121379194779/hugh-hates-his-ears-but-mads-loves-them-and-wants

Pancakes (And Mischa Checks In)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal enjoys waking up beside Will. They're in the ground floor bed that Will actually spends most of his time in, and are surrounded by dogs, who all look at Hannibal expectantly and wag their tails the second he opens his eyes. He ignores them, not quite ready to let go of Will, who is a warm, sleepy bundle in his arms. Hannibal could probably lie here and just watch him for another hour, but of course he has work to do, and can only really spare enough time to sniff him thoroughly while he's too asleep to crack jokes, and then to get up and cook breakfast. He knows full well that Will is the kind of man to actually break his fast with a granola bar, when he remembers to, and that is simply too much for Hannibal to bear when he has the power to prevent it.

Will's kitchen is of course not quite up to standard, but it's closer than Hannibal was expecting. There is actually some decent bacon, and if the eggs aren't the best, they do have nice, strong yolks that are a rich gold if not the true sunrise color of a fresh egg. The bread is fucking worthless, of course, horrible white slices in a plastic bag. Mercifully, Will is enough of a human being to have flour and milk, and by the time he wakes up the pancake is almost done, and Hannibal is pouring membraned grapefruit into the only small bowls he can find that match while the barely-acceptable drip coffee finishes dripping.

“I'm surprised that you made breakfast,” Will mumbles, shuffling into the kitchen, “but I feel kind of stupid for being surprised by that. What are we having?” He's naked aside from the blanket around his shoulders, and Hannibal is filled with the urge to draw a portrait of him like this.

“We are splitting a bacon and leek pancake, and eating this beautiful pink grapefruit before it goes bad.”

“Shit, I forgot I had that,” Will says, yawning and rubbing his eyes. “And the leeks.”

“You horrify me, Will,” Hannibal says, and kisses his hair as he goes by, making a beeline for the coffee. “And yet, you enchant me more.”

“You got a purty mouth, boy,” Will drawls, and Hannibal laughs.

“I also look forward to fellating you, now that you make the implication.”

“I'm kind of surprised we haven't done that.”

“I'm not,” Hannibal says, carrying the fruit to the table. “I have the feeling that we both want to taste it.”

“Jesus,” Will whispers, and Hannibal grins at him as he goes back to pull their main course out of the oven. The batter is actually outlined in a recipe for individual Yorkshire puddings,

making it pair well with a greasy meat like bacon. With only one large skillet instead of two small ones, Hannibal has to cut the single cake into quarters, which is a less attractive presentation. Still, it looks well enough with two sections on each plate, one artfully balanced against the other. It could really do with a few sprigs of parsley and perhaps a little barely-sauteed arugula, but at least the dish is solid. The leeks and black pepper add piquancy, and salt and fresh lemon juice are the only condiments required.

There's a soul-deep satisfaction to watching Will clean his plate, and it with deep regret that Hannibal rinses the dishes and takes his leave. He kisses Will in a fond farewell, gives Winston a last pat on the head because he demands it, and then drives home to look over charts and to wonder what on earth he's going to do about Franklyn's codependency and Neal's medication problems.

After he has gotten home and taken his shoes off and is attempting to work up the will to be productive, his phone rings. He smiles at the sight of the number, and feels his mind making the familiar shift from English to Lithuanian.

“Baby sister, how are you?”

“Well enough,” Mischa says. “I hear you're seeing someone.”

“I am.”

“You know that I must defend your honor, Hannibal.”

He laughs, lounging back on the couch. “Darling, I appreciate it, but I don't want to frighten him quite yet.”

“Fine. Is he handsome? Is he a closet case?”

“Yes and no, thankfully. He has tousled curls and soulful eyes and looks very nice despite being apparently unable to shave properly.”

“I thought you hated that.”

“Yes, dear, so did I.”

Chapter End Notes

If you would like to make bacon and leek pancakes for the adorable tormented empath in your life, the batter is 1/3 cup flour and 1/3 cup milk per egg. Preheat the oven to 425 or so (218 Celsius, for the rest of you,) snip the bacon into small pieces and fry it, dump off the worst of the grease, add the leeks and some black pepper, use a little of the extra grease to be sure the walls of the skillet are covered, pour the batter onto the fried stuff, and once there are small bubbles all around the edge, put it into the oven to finish for about fifteen minutes. Turn it out on a plate, and add salt and lemon juice to taste.

Will's Blood Work

Will schedules his blood draw for the middle of the week, and of course when Hannibal hears that the appointment is for late morning he demands that Will come by the office and share his lunch. Will is pretty sure that the cooking for people is some kind of Thing with Hannibal, and he wants to be sure just what kind of Thing before he gets too invested in it. On the other hand, a home-cooked meal after fasting blood work sounds like just the thing, and he accepts.

Blood work is always weird for Will. It's not as if he likes it, exactly, but there's a strange appeal to the whole thing. He hates the sick ache of a needle resting in his vein, but he likes the actual stab, and the movement and color of his blood fascinate him. It really doesn't help that the girl doing the draw is really cute. Far too young for Will, but adorable, with a decided little face and a sleek fall of dark hair. She's very gentle and assured, and Will spends the latter half of his appointment trying not to get an awkward cannibal boner, watching the clock rather than keep studying the girl's smooth, lightly wind-chafed skin and thinking about how it would take bite marks.

At long last Will can escape. He peels off the tape and gauze in the car, balling it up and tossing it into the trash before making his way to Hannibal's office. Really, it's sort of comforting. The same old route to the same old office with the same old weird, queasy arousal and guilt. He has to hang around the waiting room, Hannibal's eleven o'clock running over, but there's a shelf of actual books, and the enormous stack of National Geographic goes up to present day rather than cutting off three years ago.

At long last Hannibal emerges, shepherding his patient along. The guy kind of makes Will think of a chubby faun, and he gives Will a friendly wave on his way out. Hannibal looks after him with a kind of rueful fondness, and then leads Will back into the office.

“I remain unsure that I can help him,” he says in response to Will's curious glance, and vanishes in the dark recesses that Will has long suspected hold at least a fridge. And probably a hot plate and/or microwave, since the containers he comes back with are gently steaming. Lunch is a dark, rich soup, and Will has never had anything like it. It turns out to be called juka and to have blood as a primary ingredient. “The idea is to replenish what you had to give up today,” he says, and Will can feel himself blushing, and that makes him squirm, which is completely obvious. “Will?”

“I, uh. The draw was kind of... awkward.”

“Oh,” Hannibal says, eyebrows rising in comprehension. “Please, tell me about it.”

Will snorts. “Well. I like the push of a needle but the not the feel of it staying there, and I like pretty girls but feel guilty when 'girl' really is the operative word. I'm not sure if how much I like watching the blood is sex thing or a science thing.”

“It can't be both?”

Will chuckles. “I guess it can.”

“It is for me,” Hannibal says, and something about the look in his eyes makes Will shiver and stare down at his soup for the next few moments. The silence isn't actually uncomfortable, though, which is fucking bizarre. He risks a glance up, and Hannibal smiles at him. “You're adorable, Will.”

Will snorts, and looks away. “Thanks, I guess.”

“You're welcome. Are you enjoying your soup?”

“...It's delicious,” Will says, confused and a little appalled at the quiet roughness of his own voice, like he's close to tears for no reason. He shuts up and eats more soup, while Hannibal tells him all about the dish's history and his own particular recipe.

“It's a comfort food in our family,” Hannibal says. “My youngest sister is especially fond of it.”

“How many are there?” Will asks, charmed by any disclosure on Hannibal's part.

“Just two sisters and me. I'm the oldest, and we're all adopted. Father is mine and Mischa's uncle by blood, and Chiyoh is no genetic relation at all, but of course we love her just the same.”

Will smiles. “Of course.”

“Mischa wants to meet you, but I've fended her off so far. She's very protective of her older siblings. It might be misplaced obligation with me, but that doesn't explain Chiyoh.”

“Obligation?”

“I protected her when we were young. We spent a few months on the streets, because we were afraid an orphanage would separate us.”

“Wow.”

“Father had to have us trapped like a pair of feral cats, but I think we've done a good job of becoming tame again.”

Will Finally Gets To Taste Hannibal's Blood

They have no reason to suspect any disease, but it's still a comfort to Hannibal when both panels come back clear, with iron levels that can support a little bleeding. Will texts him the information during lunch, and also sends a selfie. Hannibal of course knows that he's a professor, but this is the first time he has ever seen him look like one, and he is enraptured. A tie, the glasses, and tweed all combine to bring schoolroom fantasies bubbling up from Hannibal's subconscious.

You look delicious. He sends by way of reply, and Will retorts with some kind of blushing emoji that makes Hannibal smile even as he rolls his eyes at it. *Come over after school? I have snacks.*

of course you do. and of course i will. 5 good for you?

Five o'clock works just fine for Hannibal. For some reason all his really late appointments tend to crowd into Thursday, one of those strange and ineffable things like the accord within a flock of birds. Today he's done at half-past four, and is in the kitchen arranging slices of apple, cheese, and ham on a plate when Will arrives.

“Shit, you really are making after-school snacks,” he says when Hannibal leads him into the kitchen, and he laughs.

“I am. There will be a real dinner, though, I promise that.”

“This ham is probably the best I've ever had in my life,” Will says, nibbling on a slice, and Hannibal smiles.

“Real ham is a treasure,” he says, sitting beside Will and plucking a piece of apple from the plate. “Wine?”

“Please.”

They end up on the couch again, as seems to be their destiny in this space, and for a while just eat in companionable silence.

“So,” Will says at last, “how was your day?”

“Trying, but far from entirely unpleasant. Yours?”

“Same.” He shifts a little, staring down at his feet. “Uh, Hannibal?”

“Yes?”

“...Is it weird I bring up the whole 'tasting your blood' thing again?” Will asks, his voice smaller than Hannibal has ever heard it.

“Not at all,” he says, putting his hand over Will's. “I was about to do the same.”

“Oh.” Will blushes out to the tips of his adorable ears, and Hannibal smiles.

They start small, of course. Hannibal collects a scalpel, tape, gauze, and disinfectant, and settles himself comfortably on the edge of his bed, laying out his supplies on a washcloth. The whole time, Will can't keep his eyes off of him. Now he hesitates, looking more feral than ever. Hannibal smiles, and gestures for Will to join him.

“We may as well stretch out and get comfortable,” he says, taking up the scalpel.

“Yeah, probably,” Will mumbles, settling on his side and staring at the gleaming blade.

Hannibal smiles. “I think a fingertip will be easiest. Just here,” he says, making a delicate cut on the pad of his ring finger. It's so clean that he doesn't feel at it first, and both of them watch the blood well up in fascinated silence. Once there's a perfect, red-black drop poised there, he lies down facing Will, and offers him his hand. For a long moment Will just stares at the blood, and then his gaze flicks up to Hannibal's face. “What are you afraid of?” Hannibal murmurs, and Will trembles.

“I'm afraid of how much I'm gonna like this,” he says, and takes Hannibal's fingertip into his mouth, closing his eyes and his unbearably soft lips at the same time. His whole body relaxes and he lets a shaky sigh out through his nose, suckling at the blood as steadily as any nursing child. Hannibal pulls him closer, rubbing his back as he draws all the blood he can through the little cut, clutching at Hannibal's shirt with both hands. His greed makes the wound sting and ache, and Hannibal loves every moment of it.

“Do you know why I chose this finger?” Will makes a tiny negative motion with his head, glancing shyly up at Hannibal. “Because of the vena amoris, that pretty fiction connecting it directly to the heart.” Will tenderly licks the cut and whines dismally when Hannibal slides his finger out of his mouth. “I've wanted you to wear my blood almost as much I want to feed it to you,” he says softly, and strokes blood over Will's lips before making lines down his cheeks as he moans quietly. “There,” Hannibal says after a long moment, “my beautiful boy is all painted with red.” Will makes a strangled noise and hauls Hannibal into a rough kiss, his skin sticky-rough with blood and stubble.

Cannibal Blowjobs

Will clings to Hannibal, moaning into endless, blood-flavored kisses, clutching at his hair and clawing at his back, too far gone to be polite about any of it. His mind is full of impossible, bloody images of tearing into Hannibal, of rending his skin to glut himself on his blood. He leaves red marks all over Hannibal's pale skin, digging his nails in so hard that he can feel the slickness of fresh blood in a few places, and he feels helpless, like some kind of wild thing that should be contained for the sake of public safety.

Hannibal murmurs something in Lithuanian and bites Will's neck so hard that he yelps, eyes welling up. He whimpers, clutching at Hannibal as he hangs on for a small eternity, the bite sending shock waves over his skin. He moans as Hannibal licks and sucks at the vicious mark he must have left, raising his head just enough to keep Will in sight as he kisses his way south. He gets distracted by Will's nipples for a few moments, but soon he's at eye level with Will's cock.

He glances up, looking hungry. “May I?”

“Yeah,” Will says, and groans, letting his head fall back as Hannibal breathes wetly over the head as he takes it into his mouth. “Ohh...” he puts one forearm across his eyes, panting as Hannibal gives him a very gentle and just as deliberate scrape with his teeth, the edge of danger without even a taste of pain.

“Fuck,” he whimpers, and then lets out a loud, harsh sound as Hannibal swallows him most of the way down. Will thumps the side of his fist against the headboard because staying still is unbearable, but he has to. Hannibal is already further down than a lot of his partners have even attempted, and Will doesn't want to choke him. He can feel a flutter as Hannibal's body tries to reject him, but then he's swallowing and swallowing and those sharp teeth are caressing the spot where Will's cock joins the rest of his body. Will whines, struggling up onto his elbows to stare down at Hannibal. He's flushed, his mouth slick with spit and his hair tumbled all over his face. He looks up through his bangs at Will, eyes watery but ferocious and intent.

“Jesus, Hannibal...”

Hannibal gags and slides off, grinning at him as he squeezes his cock in one capable hand. “Why don't you collect a few pillows and watch the show?”

Will scrabbles around with shaky hands, stacking two pillows and settling back onto them, eyes locked on Hannibal the whole time. Hannibal chuckles, giving him a loving little squeeze and then swallowing him again and moaning, moving easily with Will when he can't stay still any longer. He actually grips his ass to encourage him, and makes a deep, happy rumble that feels incredible and sounds like something that would come out of a lion when Will puts his legs over his shoulders, and digs his nails into Will's skin, ten little pinpricks that make his hips jump, choking Hannibal a little. He recovers quickly and moans, chasing Will when he tries to pull back.

There's no way that Will can last much longer, and he doesn't, panting hoarsely as Hannibal takes him apart. He manages to gasp that he's going to come, and then he is, eyes rolling back as his left hand bangs on the headboard again, his right flying to his mouth so he can bite onto it. His raw, helpless cry is really too loud to be muffled, but his hand gives him something to hold on to. Hannibal groans and shudders all over as Will's heels dig into his back. He lets Will's cock slip most of the way out, and sucks the last two inches or so as Will spurts over and over his tongue.

When Will is finally quiet again, Hannibal's breathing is loud in the silence. He rises up onto his knees and Will can see that he's ridiculously hard, the kind of thing that makes a guy worry that he's going to fucking explode. “C'mere,” Will croaks, and Hannibal crawls up his body. His eyes are feverish, and his pupils are huge, that nearly-red color nearly swallowed up by black.

“Will,” he groans, his voice rough from sucking cock and completely desperate.

“Let me taste you,” Will says, and Hannibal whines, scrambling to straddle his neck, propping himself up on the headboard and biting off something that's almost a wail as Will cups his taut balls in one hand and guides the head of his cock into his mouth with the other. He's no good at deep-throating and this is a terrible angle for it even if he didn't want to taste Hannibal. Like the sniffing, this is less Will's kink and more about its effect on Hannibal, but he's still eager, and Hannibal is quick to oblige. A gentle squeeze and a few slow, hard pulls, and he's shaking, resting his forehead against the headboard and groaning as he fills Will's mouth with that familiar, salty, alkaline taste. There is an individual note to this, though, and it's as pleasant as semen can reasonably be. He hums in approval and Hannibal *whimpers*, melting as much as he can without falling on Will, the long muscles in his thighs trembling under Will's hands.

Cuddles And Potato Roses

Will runs his hands up and down the outsides of Hannibal's thighs in a motion much like the ones he would use to gentle a nervous horse, and he lets out a weak laugh before finally finding the strength to push off of the headboard and crawl down the bed to curl around Will, hugging him tightly and burying his face in his hair. He just clings for a long time, soothed by the way Will wraps his arms over Hannibal's and hugs them to his chest, his back warm and smooth within the curve of Hannibal's body.

“You okay?” Will murmurs at last, and Hannibal nods, putting one leg over Will's hip. “So my job is to be a teddy bear?” Hannibal nods again. “I can live with that,” Will says, kissing Hannibal's hand, and he smiles, lacing their fingers together.

Hannibal doesn't doze off, but he just lies still for a long time, breathing with Will and feeling each precious beat of his heart and basking in his scent and his warmth. He has felt like this before, but seldom so intensely, and he's glad that Will humors him, kissing his hands and rubbing his palms up and down his forearms. Hannibal sighs, feeling a sort of ripple in his mind as its higher functions come back online.

“Thank you,” he murmurs, and Will laughs, turning and putting his arm around Hannibal, looking up at him with bright eyes.

“Give me the best blowjob of my life, and you're thanking me.”

“Mm, I'm glad to have a benchmark for future performances.” He hisses and shivers pleasantly as Will starts feeling around on his back, making the little cuts there sting.

“Shit,” Will mutters, “I really sliced you up, didn't I?”

“You did, and I loved every second of it,” Hannibal says, stroking Will's hair and smiling down at him. He sighs, nuzzling the hollow of Hannibal's throat.

“I want to patch those up,” he says, muffled, and Hannibal smiles.

“Of course.”

They lie where they are for another ten minutes, and then Will insists on getting up and tugging Hannibal after him. He leads the way to the bathroom, and sits Hannibal on the floor of the shower, switching it on and carefully washing his back. Only three of the many scratches have drawn blood, and Hannibal hisses and shivers when the hot water touches them.

“I guess you'll live,” Will says, kissing the highest of the three.

“I'll thrive,” Hannibal says, and Will chuckles, hugging him around the waist.

Will takes his meticulous time about washing Hannibal. He coaxes him to stand up so he can properly do his legs and his cock, his hands gentle and assured on every part of him. There's a sort of presumption to it that makes Hannibal feel like livestock, and he enjoys it immensely. It's good to feel Will so confident. He sighs, leaning back into his arms, and growls softly as Will works his way up his chest. Will chuckles and kisses the side of his neck.

“Sweet boy, you should take care of yourself,” Hannibal says, and Will kisses his cheek.

“All right.” He steps back, making sure that Hannibal's cuts are clean again. “Go dry off, I'll be there in a minute.”

Hannibal towels off and stretches out on his belly on the bed, arms crossed under his chin. In hardly more than a minute, Will joins him, still damp and carrying the first aid kit that Hannibal keeps in the bathroom. It isn't the best one, but it's more than equal to the task before it. Will disinfects each tiny cut, and then applies ointment and tapes sterile gauze over them. It may be silly, but it's sweet to be cared for like this. He rolls over and tells Will so, pulling him down and holding him close. He sighs, cuddling in against Hannibal's chest.

“Dinner?” Hannibal murmurs at last, and Will laughs.

“Yeah, if you feel like making it.”

“I do. Do you feel like helping?”

Will does feel like helping. He goes and puts on his underwear, which seems to be what he lounges in, and then comes back to the kitchen where he proves to be highly adept at assembling potato roses. Even if he teases Hannibal about his need to make everything pretty.

Hannibal just chuckles. “Presentation is important,” he says, glancing over his shoulder at Will with a fond smile before going back to his meticulous placement of chicken on the roasting pan.

Eat Me

Dinner is excellent again, and still sort of safe and middle-American, even if the salad does involve lotus roots. The chicken is the best Will has ever had in his life, and the secret is apparently buttermilk. Hannibal of course tells him the whole intimate history of the meal while they eat it, and compliments him so much on the potatoes that Will would think he was mocking him if he wasn't so obviously sincere. With the protection of a snappy retort stolen from him, Will just mutters his thanks, staring down at his plate.

“Such a shy boy,” Hannibal says softly, and now he is making fun of Will, but it's too affectionate to sting.

“You're outgoing enough for both of us,” Will says, and Hannibal laughs.

“Perhaps.” He removes a bone from his chicken with a complicated maneuver of his cutlery that's probably French. Will watches him, and then picks up his second piece and takes a defiantly messy bite that makes Hannibal laugh.

“Bashful boy or beautiful beast, you always find a way to charm me.”

Will laughs as soon as his mouth isn't full. “You just can't take me anywhere.”

“I think that you would be an ornament to any gathering,” Hannibal says, and Will rolls his eyes.

“You're ridiculous. Stop being ridiculous.”

“Never.”

“Are you seriously going to feed me your blood?”

“If you agree to eat it, yes. I'm sure it will be palatable enough.”

“And that's what you worry about,” Will says, full of his usual exasperated admiration for Hannibal's shamelessness.

“Well, we know I don't have any diseases or infections,” Hannibal says, shrugging. His look of surprise when Will laughs only makes him laugh harder. “You're only on your second glass of wine,” he says, grinning, “stop that at once.”

“Never!” Will cries, and Hannibal laughs hard enough to snort, which of course strikes Will as hilarious and the feedback loop continues for some time. Hannibal tops off both of their glasses after they manage to snicker and wheeze their way to stillness. Will sips his wine and watches Hannibal's ludicrously pretty table manners in the comfortable silence. “How are you planning on serving your blood, anyway?”

“I was thinking we could begin with black pudding, perhaps as one of the leading ingredients in a savory tart.”

“...That's gonna be so weird and sexy and weird. Don't make fun of me if I have a weird boner all through dinner.”

“I will be an occupant of the proverbial glass house on that issue, Will.”

“I guess you kind of get off on feeding people normal food, so...”

“I suppose I do.” He sighs, sipping his wine. “It's just so nice to be able to provide.” Will remembers his almost offhand reference to being homeless with a baby sister to worry about, and takes his hand. Hannibal blinks, and squeezes it. “The thought of feeding someone I care for from my own body is a very compelling one.”

Will shivers. “I see.” And god help him, he does see. “I... I'd be honored,” he says softly, and Hannibal smiles and kisses his hand.

“I look forward to it.”

Will helps Hannibal clear the table after dinner, and they talk over the nuts and bolts of the plan. It will have to be sometime next month at the soonest, and Hannibal will find some normal black pudding for Will to try first, since there's no point in Hannibal making it from his own blood if Will doesn't even like the regular kind.

“God forbid we waste any part of you,” he says, and Hannibal laughs.

Will resists the impulse to fall back into bed with Hannibal because the dogs must be taken care of, but his progress out the door is very slow because of all the kissing and biting. He and Hannibal stumble along, leaning against the walls as they do their best to devour each other in the limited time and space left to them. Will is a mess by the time he walks down the front steps to his car, but he's a happy mess and there's pretty much no one around to see him anyway.

The dogs are of course ecstatic to see him when he gets home. He stopped by after class to make sure that no one had to pee and that all the water bowls were full, but as is canine custom, they greet him like he has been gone for years. He laughs, walking outside with the surge of happy dogs, and stands on the porch with his hands in his pockets as they frisk around and pee in their usual spots.

Calligraphy I

Hannibal is pleased at how quickly they fall into a routine. He spends at least part of every weekend out in Wolf Trap, ingratiating himself with the dogs and quietly leaving better groceries in Will's pantry, and Will drops by whenever it's convenient during the week. Just as quietly as Hannibal leaves food on his shelves, Will tightens up the dryer door so that it doesn't rattle, and fixes the motor on the good blender, so long consigned to inactivity in a cupboard. Hannibal uses it to simultaneously reward Will's effort and to celebrate the first truly hot day of summer with frozen Margaritas.

Hannibal prefers the classic daiquiri, but there's something to be said for this tart, powerful slush, given a little more dimension via judicious use of rose syrup. There's a lot more to be said for Will Graham lounging on the cool tiles of the kitchen floor in shirtless splendor, sipping his drink with little noises of contentment. He's already a little tanned, bringing out the gold tones in his skin and making the scar on his shoulder show waxen white, and his hair has gotten longer. Hannibal can't resist reaching out to touch it. The heat of the day is too much to properly cuddle Will, but they're as close as is comfortable, and it's an easy reach. He wraps one dark curl around his fingertip, and Will chuckles.

“I can't believe you're still wearing your shirt.”

Hannibal shrugs. “Call me old-fashioned if you must.”

“Old-fashioned and maybe part lizard.”

Hannibal has partially disrobed in the heat, he's just still wearing his open and untucked shirt. “You always run hot.” He smiles, tugging gently and then letting go to take another sip of his own drink. “And I have an idea for when it cools off a little.” Will's eyes brighten, since he was the one who had defined the afternoon's temperature as 'too hot to fuck.' Hannibal smiles. “Do you know anything about calligraphy?”

“Does that seem like the kinda thing I'd know about?” Will drawls, exaggerating the faint southern accent that comes into his speech sometimes.

“You're full of surprises, Will. It would hardly do to assume.”

“Girl I knew in Louisiana had an art kit,” Will says. “Taught me a little Uncial, that Gothic stuff, and Italic. I was never any good.”

“I'm sure that's untrue, but I was thinking of Japanese calligraphy. Chiyoh learned it and the tea ceremony at the same time, and I thought I might as well keep her company.”

Will chuckles. “Of course you did.”

“Her brushwork is better, but I'm hubristic enough to think that mine deserves to adorn your skin.”

“I'm sure it's pretty,” Will says, and Hannibal smiles.

“You can judge for yourself when it's done,” he says, and Will blushes, taking a long pull from his glass.

By the time it's cooler, Hannibal and Will are both fairly drunk. Not too drunk to know what they're doing, though, and that's an important distinction. Will is loose and giggly as he stretches out on top of a towel on Hannibal's bed, and Hannibal beams at him, taking a moment to just run his hands down the beautiful lines of Will's back to squeeze his ass. Will purrs and wriggles, and Hannibal grins, pressing a kiss between his shoulder blades.

“Wait here, darling boy,” he says, like a blessing against Will's skin, “I'll be back.”

“Okay,” Will mumbles, and crosses his forearms under his chin, looking utterly content. Hannibal pauses in the doorway to drink this vision in before padding off to the kitchen. Will knows what he's going to fetch, they've talked about this, about Hannibal marking him up with his own blood, covering Will in his taste and scent and letting it dry sticky on his skin, a thousand times more intimate than semen. There's a small jar in the refrigerator, spiked with just enough heparin to keep it smooth. He stirs it carefully, pleased as always by its deep, vibrant color. He sets the jar onto a saucer, and selects his smallest silicone pastry brush. It's far from ideal, but he should be able to manage a kanji or three on Will's back. Hopefully he can work with what he has and create some wabi-sabi out of the necessary sloppiness.

Will is right where Hannibal left him, and he turns his head and smiles when Hannibal approaches. “Hey.”

“Hey.”

“Gonna make me your art project?”

“You're already a work of art, Will. This is just one way I choose to celebrate you.”

Will shivers, his skin flushing a little. “God. I... Your blood's really pretty,” he mutters, hiding his face in his arms again.

“I am always glad to delight you, Will. I think my blood is one of my lovelier features.”

“You are so fucking weird and I'm so fucking glad,” Will says without raising his head, and Hannibal laughs, setting the saucer on the extra towel beside Will. He rests the brush on it, and rubs Will's back. “...Can I drink it when you're done?” Will asks, so quietly Hannibal can barely hear him.

“I'm afraid not, it has heparin in it. I'll let you taste me when I'm done writing.”

Will whimpers, flush deepening. “Okay,” he whispers, risking a glance up with wide, helpless eyes.

Calligraphy II

The blood is cold, slick, and sticky, and at the first touch of the rubbery brush Will yelps, struggling not to squirm. “Aah!”

“Too cold?” Hannibal asks, sweeping the brush across Will's right shoulder blade, his free hand resting on Will's tailbone.

“N-no... Oh, fuck...” As Hannibal makes more of those long, careful strokes, it stops tickling and starts making him feel heavy and weak, full of a diffuse, spine-tingling warmth. If Hannibal were using the Latin alphabet Will would probably know what he's writing, but as it is, he has no idea. The brush just sweeps the sweet-iron smell over and that whole quadrant of his back, lighting up what must be every single nerve ending from his neck to his ass.

“Okay, this,” Will husks, shocked at how dark and slurred his voice has gotten, “feels way fucking better than I expected.” Hannibal kisses the nape of of his neck, making him squirm and moan, crying out when he bites.

“Delicious,” Hannibal growls, and sits up, finishing the first character, which is complex and formed of many strokes. He moves lower and begins another, right on the center of Will's spine

“What are you writing?” Will murmurs, panting softly at the way three short, diagonal strokes make him feel.

“The first character expresses fondness,” Hannibal says as he works, “that I care for you.” He finishes his current character with a delicate stroke, hardly more than a dot. “This one begins a two-character phrase.”

“And what does this character mean?”

“Wild, unkempt hair,” he says, and Will laughs. “It's one of your many charms. And with this,” he says, making four quick strokes that leave what feels like an almost star-shaped mark on the left side of Will's tailbone “it means shaggy dog.”

“What?” Will asks, laughing again.

Hannibal chuckles, kissing Will's left shoulder. “I'm essentially calling you my precious fluffy puppy.”

“Cheeky bastard,” Will says, smiling into his arms. “Now what?”

“Now we wait for this to dry while I clean up, and then I photograph you, if you'll let me.”

“I have some reservations about that,” Will says, trying not to tense up.

“It would be a Polaroid,” Hannibal says, daintily retouching the center character, “and I will not whinge if you decide against it.”

“Thanks,” Will says, and looks over at the jar, which has only a thin residue of blood left. “At least that's all that's going to waste,” he says, filled with the urge to lick it clean and then painfully embarrassed and just as aroused, the way he always ends up whenever he's faced with Hannibal's blood.

“My dangerous pet,” Hannibal coos, and kisses Will's neck again before nibbling at the rim of his ear. “Wait here. I'll be back.”

“Okay,” Will whispers, and waits, trying not to hump the towel too much. Hannibal has the decency to come back quickly, and he stretches out beside Will, rubbing his sides and groping his ass and murmuring to him as the blood dries, only about one word in five in English. Will zones out a little, and blinks himself back to true wakefulness when Hannibal asks him if he would like a mirror. Of course Will would like a mirror, and Hannibal leads him to the full-length one on the closet door, bringing him a hand mirror from the bathroom so that he can angle it to look over his own shoulder and see Hannibal's calligraphy, dried to deep reddish brown. The characters march across his back in a diagonal line, the thickness of the brush and the dribbles and spatters it has left lending them a kind of feral elegance.

“Wow,” he says at last, still staring. “It's beautiful.” He looks up when Hannibal doesn't say anything, and shivers at the look in his eyes. “You can take a picture of this,” Will tells him, and he cups Will's face in his hands and kisses him with such gentle and complete possessiveness that he goes weak in the knees.

“Against the wall,” Hannibal tells him when he breaks the kiss, and Will wobbles his way to the indicated wall, glad to press against the cool paint. He hopes the slick on his cock will wash off. “Arms out.” Will extends his arms, feeling like a penitent and an object of worship in the same breath, marked and exposed and cherished. It's a lot to deal with, and Will whimpers quietly. There's a flash and a click and then Hannibal is coming close again. He kisses the back of Will's neck as he lowers his arms, keeping his face to the wall.

“Beautiful boy, would you like to see the picture?” Will shakes his head and doesn't look at Hannibal because he feels like he might do something crazy if he did. “Are you all right?”

“I feel kinda like I did when I had that fantasy about biting your heart,” Will says, and Hannibal shivers, gently biting his ear.

“Then come back to bed,” he murmurs, and Will moans.

Cannibal Fisting I

Hannibal trusts Will far more than Will trusts himself, and he hopes that he can change that. Both of them are aching by now, but Hannibal drizzles lube over Will's fingers rather than anything else.

“This way you can reach in and feel my heartbeat,” he says, and Will closes his eyes for a moment, taking the kind of deep breath a man does when he is on the ragged edge of his self-control.

Hannibal kisses his cheek and then his mouth and then his stubbly jaw and his neck before he can tear himself away and lie back, hooking his forearm under one knee and getting two pillows under his head with the other hand, because he knows he wants to watch Will while they do this. Will kneels between his legs, eyes wide and dark with arousal. He turns and presses a kiss to the inner thigh of the leg Hannibal has hauled up to give him easy access, and traces two slick fingertips in gentle circles over Hannibal's hole. Hannibal tries not to be impatient, reminding himself that it's a good thing that Will cares so much.

At long last one finger breaches him, and Hannibal can't help a quiet groan as it sinks in up to the knuckle. “Please, Will, don't tease.”

“Just trying to take care of you,” Will murmurs, his voice a little shaky. “God, Hannibal...”

“I need more, I can take it,” Hannibal says and Will whines, hiding his face in Hannibal's thigh for a moment before biting him and working his second finger into him. Hannibal groans and clenches, still craving more, suddenly aching to be stretched wide.

“Your heart feels so close,” Will murmurs, licking him and biting again as he works his fingers in a slow circle, opening Hannibal up and making him melt back into the pillows, panting.

“More,” he growls, and Will whines, pushing his third finger in with none of his earlier hesitation. Hannibal's body is practically sucking on them, and he moans as Will finds just the right spot to stroke over and over, his touch firm and slippery. Hannibal writhes under the attention, hooking his knees over Will's shoulders and gripping the pillows by his head as Will pushes even deeper and his eyes roll back. He curses in his native tongue and then finds his English again to growl, “*More.*”

“Fuck,” Will whimpers, and obeys, drawing back just enough to add more lube and fold his little finger in with the others before pushing in again. “Oh fuck, Hannibal,” he breathes, “fuck...”

Hannibal rolls his head from side to side, letting out a long, purring growl as he grinds down onto Will's knuckles. “Fuck, you have to tell me if it hurts, you have to--”

“Will,” Hannibal moans, “shut up and give me your thumb.”

Will carefully slots it in with his four fingers, and whines, holding steady and watching with huge eyes as Hannibal pushes down and down and down, opening up to slide over the ridge of Will's knuckles and then the knob of his thumb. Every time Hannibal does this it feels like a miracle. Now he cries out with every breath as he slowly engulfs Will up to the wrist. Will is staring at him in dumbstruck awe, but he has the sense to keep his hand in the same roughly conical shape until it's deep inside Hannibal, where he pauses for a moment, and then slowly, slowly, balls his hand into a fist.

Hannibal just breathes, open-mouthed and loud. After a small eternity he collects himself enough to reach for Will's other hand, pulling it to his mouth and sucking on the first three fingers as Will moans and slowly starts to move, rocking his fist in tiny increments, working his way deeper and deeper, his eyes huge and dazed. Hannibal shudders and moans as best he can, sucking Will's little finger in with the others, pressing deep and gagging slightly. His lower lip is already covered in saliva, and he doesn't care, letting out loud, messy, muffled noises as Will fucks him slow and deep.

“Fucking Christ,” Will whimpers, resting his head on Hannibal's belly and staring down at the point where his hand is almost slipping free before each plunge back in, “I feel like I'm holding your heart.” He sounds wrecked, almost tearful as he whines and presses his face to Hannibal's skin. Hannibal winds his free hand into Will's hair, just holding onto him as he shakes and moans.

Cannibal Fisting II

Will doesn't even realize that he's coming until he's in the middle of it, making some bizarre noise and biting onto Hannibal while his hips rut against the towel with no input from his brain. It goes on and on, breathtaking and blinding and Will is crying a little by the time it stops and he can catch his breath and cover the mark of his vicious bite with kisses. Hannibal is letting out constant, hoarse little moans, and it's only now that Will notices that he isn't hard and starts to feel like a jerk.

“H-Hannibal...” he whispers, struggling to find more of his voice, and Hannibal just groans and clenches impossibly on his hand.

“I'm okay, I'm okay,” he babbles, releasing Will's fingers from his mouth so he can speak clearly, limp cock oozing more precome than Will has ever seen. “Ffffuck, Will...” He writhes on the mattress and then grabs both of Will's wrists. “When I need you out, you'll know,” he says, and starts choking himself on Will's fingers again. Will whimpers and rocks his fist gently inside Hannibal, still overwhelmed by how close it feels, how fucking obscene.

Hannibal's climax begins with a few little quivers that cascade into vast, clenching waves, and feeling it from the inside like this makes Will's spent cock give a painful little twitch, and he makes a pathetic little mewling noise that he can barely hear through Hannibal's shameless wailing. He digs his heels into Will's back and groans at the top of his voice, bucking a few times before oozing come all over his belly and tugging on Will's wrist, using the last few contractions to help push him out, his mouth hanging open and letting Will's other hand slip free at the same time.

They're both too shattered to move for a long time, but then Hannibal is tugging Will up to kiss him all over his face, hugging him tightly to his chest. Will clings to him, feeling wrung out and completely helpless and also like he's safe here, that it's okay to be a shattered mess as long as Hannibal is holding him. After a while he registers that Hannibal is speaking, a soft, repetitive stream of Lithuanian as he strokes Will's hair.

Will sighs. “Never would have thought you were so cuddly, when I first met you.”

“I am extremely selective,” Hannibal says, his accent thicker than ever.

Will chuckles, and kisses his neck. “We need a shower so bad.” Both of them are the usual sloppy sex mess, to say nothing of Will's sticky hand and the dried blood on his back, just starting to really itch. It'll be a shame to wash off such nice work, but Will's sweat has probably already ruined it. Besides, there's a photo, and he's glad when Hannibal speaks and distracts him from the queasy shame and arousal that thought brings with it.

“True, O king,” Hannibal purrs. “Is the 'we' operative?”

Will smiles. “If you like. Might do me some good to wash you. Make sure you're all right.”

“I am far, far better than all right, but you may assure yourself as much as you like.”

Once Will feels up to standing, he gives Hannibal a hand up, and they make their shaky way to the bathroom, hand in hand. Hannibal sits on the closed lid of the toilet and smiles as he watches Will figure out the ornate taps on his huge fucking bathtub, which is separate from his huge fucking shower because Hannibal is some kind of sybaritic menace. At least that means excellent water pressure and heat, and soon Hannibal is graciously allowing Will to help him up and into the warm water. Will joins him, and together they displace enough water for the level in the tub to rise to their hips, the tap still running. Hannibal hisses and then sighs happily, leaning back into Will's arms. He's a little big to really cuddle this way, but the tub is huge and he can slide down far enough to rest his head back on Will's shoulder.

“Comfortable?” Will asks, and Hannibal chuckles, the sound merging with the running water.

“Extremely,” he says.

Hannibal really does seem to be okay as Will washes him. Still, he can't help making a careful inspection of his hole, unable to fucking believe that it's just a little puffy and pink after its exertions. Hannibal mostly manages not to laugh at him, and Will grins as they get out and towel off.

“Hey, that's the first time I've done that, and it's not like I have lady hands.”

“Indeed not,” Hannibal says, sighing and leaning into it as Will gently scrubs him with one of the impossibly fluffy towels. “I do ache a bit, but I enjoy that.”

Hannibal Is A Pervert Den Mother

Hannibal is barely collected enough to launder the towels and make the bed, though Will is a great help to him. Despite the lateness of the hour, it's still hot, and they sprawl on top of the blanket together with the window open. Hannibal is wrapped in a bathrobe, but Will has defaulted to his underwear again. It makes Hannibal picture him as skinny child on a summer morning, wearing some sort of licensed underwear set, probably Star Wars. He chuckles, and Will rolls his head to look at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes?”

“Just pondering the origins of your preferred dishabille.”

He shrugs. “I've always been warm. Grandma sent me bathrobes a couple times, but I never really took to them.”

Hannibal smiles. “It works out for my viewing pleasure this way, but if you ever want a robe, don't hesitate to ask.”

Will chuckles. “I won't.” He glances over at the nightstand and his expression is abruptly serious. Hannibal follows his line of sight to the blank white back of the photo.

“If you regret letting me take it we can burn it,” he says, and Will looks over at him, a little stricken.

“Really?”

“Of course,” Hannibal says, surprised when Will hugs him so tightly it hurts a little. When he lets go at last, he picks up the photograph and turns it over. Hannibal hasn't had much of a chance to examine it, himself, and is a little anxious about the quality of the image. Will stares for a long time, but finally hands the picture over when Hannibal reaches for it.

The calligraphy may not be perfect, but Will is, and the composition is a striking one. He looks powerful and fragile at the same time, his extended arms suggesting sacrifice and showing off the lissome lines of his body, flawless, pale skin covered in Hannibal's dark and brutal marks.

“I like it very much,” Hannibal says. “What do you think?”

Will hides his face in Hannibal's shoulder. “I think I'm embarrassed as hell, but that I want you to keep it.”

Hannibal chuckles, kissing the top of Will's head. “Thank you.”

The Margaritas have long since worn off, but they're both still too drunk on their own endorphins for either of them to do anything even vaguely productive, so they set his barely-used DVD player up at the foot of the bed so Will can watch The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

while Hannibal wastes time on the internet, his laptop resting on his knees as he checks up on the little fetish forum that he frequents.

“Do you own any movies that aren't fucked up?” Will asks, and Hannibal smiles, not looking up.

“It's hard to say,” he says, and Will chuckles.

“Well, this is cool fucked up.”

“I'm glad you approve,” Hannibal murmurs, typing a word of advice to a confused young man in Norway. This forum really is full of silly children, and that's probably why Hannibal keeps coming back. They need a senior pervert to guide them.

“What are you doing?” Will asks after a while of silence between them, the black and white dream continuing onscreen. “Curating your tumblr of food porn?”

“While I do have an Instagram full of beautiful food, that is not what I'm doing right now.” He lets Will look over his shoulder, where he's just finishing a post about keeping bloodplay reasonably safe.

“Are you seriously a pervert den mother?” Will asks, as Hannibal posts and then goes to check his private messages.

“Perhaps a bit of one.” If he is, the newest message is from his favorite cub. CarnivorousDoe is a very interesting young woman, and has certainly asked some of the most intelligent questions that Il_Monstro has ever received. This is just an update on her own figure studies, something Hannibal has been coaching her though as best he may, having never met her face-to-face.

“That's pretty good,” Will says of the poorly-scanned pencil study of a boy sitting at a desk, and Hannibal nods.

“She has improved greatly in the last few months. There was plenty of native talent, but she hadn't had a more advanced student of portraiture to advise her.” There are two more images, and Hannibal clicks through them. The second is another boy, nude, supine, and slit from his pubic bone to his sternum, the internal organs portrayed with admirable precision.

“I bet you were a big help with this, too,” Will says, and Hannibal laughs.

“I was a surgeon first, it's true.” The third image is of a pair of hands, tenderly sewing that massive wound back together. “Doe is a very sweet girl, at heart.”

Will smiles. “Seems like it.”

Breakfast With Mischa I

Will is spending the weekend with Hannibal, and really, it works out fairly well for everyone. Beverly gets to camp out in his house, so much more spacious and peaceful than her apartment, the dogs get a trusted friend to keep them company, and Will gets to spend Friday afternoon to Sunday evening lounging around with Hannibal, neither of them doing anything they don't feel like doing. That's the plan, anyway, but on Saturday morning, as Will is just waking up and contemplating offering Hannibal a pre-breakfast blowjob, Hannibal's phone rings. He groans, stretching one long arm out to grab it.

“Labas?” he mumbles, and continues speaking Lithuanian as he pulls out of Will's hold to sit up. Will grumbles and hugs him around the waist, nuzzling his bony hip. Hannibal chuckles, and strokes his hair as he keeps talking to whoever it is. Probably family. Will dozes off again, and this time he wakes alone. He feels a little abandoned, and annoyed to feel that way, pulling on his underwear as he looks around.

“Hannibal?” He calls.

“In the kitchen, Will,” Hannibal says, and Will ambles out to join him, rubbing his eyes. There's a pot of coffee and the smell of bacon even if there's none on the stove. Hannibal smiles, watching Will look for the source. “I find that baking it produces a better result.”

He sets out three coffee cups, and Will blinks. “Are we expecting somebody?”

“We are, I'm afraid. Little Mischa won't be put off any longer. She must inspect this presumably unworthy man her beloved brother is seeing.” Will can't help grimacing. “I know, I know,” Hannibal says. “All I can do is promise you whatever you want for lunch.”

“Whatever I want?” Will asks, cocking his head as thinks of the various possibilities.

“Yes,” Hannibal says, taking a bowl out of the refrigerator. “For now, we are having crepes, because she likes them.”

“What are we filling them with?” Will asks, pouring himself some coffee.

“I believe in choice, when it comes to crepes,” Hannibal says, pulling out a wide, thin skillet and setting it onto the stove. “I have Nutella, two types of jam, maple syrup, and cream cheese.” He glances at the clock. “And you have about twenty minutes to dress and emotionally prepare yourself.”

“Is she that bad?”

“Just a bit intense, first thing in the morning,” Hannibal says, and Will chuckles.

“I could say the same thing about you,” he says, and kisses Hannibal's cheek before taking his coffee upstairs to snatch sips of it as he pulls on clean clothes. He hadn't planned on meeting family, but jeans with intact knees and a plain white t-shirt are hardly offensive. He

washes his face, runs Hannibal's comb through his hair, and doesn't bother trying to shave because the odds are way too good that he'll slice himself up. Will hears the doorbell and takes a deep breath, looking into the mirror and reminding himself that Hannibal likes him just fine and that as long as he's reasonably pleasant to the sister, he'll be okay.

Will heads back down to the kitchen, where his first visual impression of Mischa is something along the lines of, 'Jesus Christ, there's two of them.' Mischa is tall and slender, with a suggestion of real power in the breadth of her shoulders, and those same goddamn glass-cutter cheekbones, and the same blonde hair swept into an elegant knot at the back of her neck. As might be expected, she still manages to be far prettier than Hannibal, with pearly skin and a dainty little jaw that makes Will think of foxes. Her eyes are big, with dramatic lashes that are probably at least eighty percent the work of nature, but the irises are the same red-tinted brown, and the wildness in them is much more obvious. She seems fragile and lethal even as she laughs at something her brother says in Lithuanian, carefully slicing oranges, her long, elegant hands wielding the knife as capably as Hannibal does. She looks up and catches sight of Will, going quiet as he studies him.

“Mischa, this is Will Graham. Will, my sister, Mischa Lecter.”

“Pleased to meet you,” Will says, coming closer but waiting for her to offer her hand, which she does after a long moment.

“Good morning,” she says, her accent even thicker than Hannibal's. Will offers her an attempt at a smile. “Morning.” She holds on just long enough for it to be really awkward, and lets go just before he's about to say something, disquieted by the way she seems to be looking into him.

“Mischa,” Hannibal says, “try not to be alarming. And finish cutting the oranges.”

She rolls her eyes, suddenly looking like an irritable teenager. “Yes, brother dear.”

Breakfast With Mischa II

Hannibal is always glad to see his precious little Mischa, of course. In some ways he feels more like a father to her than a brother, even after all the years they spent in Father's care, but today he cannot help but be annoyed with her. She stares at Will and hardly says a word, making him nervous enough to find his completely unnecessary glasses and put them on in a futile bid to cover his hard blinking.

“Mischa, love,” Hannibal says, “that's a gorgeous suit.” It's deep red, and cut very sharply. The effect of the color with her eyes and the amber pendant she always wears is very attractive, but also sleek and severe.

“Thank you,” she says, still trying to pin poor Will to the wall with her stare. He sets a plate of crepes and bacon in front of each of them, oranges arranged prettily along one edge. He's glad to see that they at least don't fight for condiments. Mischa goes straight for the Nutella, her favorite since she was a gurgling, babbling little creature in a high chair; and Will applies maple syrup as if he's expecting someone to tell him he's doing it wrong. To her credit, Mischa does not, and things are slightly less tense when Hannibal takes the pan off of the heat and joins them. He swirls strawberry jam onto his first crepe and listens as Mischa finally asks Will what he does for a living.

“I teach,” Will says. “Criminology. Whole rooms of future FBI agents who want to have some idea what the really deranged ones are thinking.” He carefully spreads peach jam on his next crepe, studying Mischa in return. “You?”

“I'm a surgeon,” she says. “My specialty is amputation.” She gives Will a hard little smile, the look that means she's daring him to say something stupid.

Will just nods. “Someone has to know where to cut.”

Mischa's smile softens into something less confrontational. “I always leave as much function as I safely can.”

“It's delicate work,” Hannibal says, letting his pride in Mischa color his voice. She may be turning forty-two this year, but when she blushes she looks far, far younger. She lightly kicks his foot under the table, and he just smiles at her.

Of course she interrogates Will, but they do find some common ground in complaining about students who don't pay any fucking attention. Hannibal tries to keep Mischa from dragging too much information out of Will, and keeps their plates full, reasoning that it's harder to argue when one is replete with crepes. At least Hannibal can tell that Mischa approves of Will's dog collection and the proper care he takes of it, and that she appreciates his courage in facing her. Mischa intimidates a large enough proportion of the men she meets to make Hannibal feel embarrassed for his whole gender.

Hannibal does his utmost not to leave them alone together, but finally he has to step out to the bathroom, and comes back to find Mischa standing very close to Will and speaking intently

and too quietly for Hannibal to hear.

“Mischa,” he growls, swooping down to protect Will, who just smiles as Mischa steps back and Hannibal hugs him.

“She's just looking out for you,” he says, and Mischa's eyes sparkle. She is pleased and will fucking leave them alone now. Seldom in his entire life has Hannibal ever been so glad to see her go. Still, she is his precious Mischa, and he walks her to the door and kisses her on both cheeks, telling her to contact Chiyoh to find a good time for a Lecter sibling dinner party.

“I will,” Mischa says. “Enjoy your strange little slip of a man.”

Hannibal laughs. “I will.” He watches her get into her car and drive away, and then comes back inside to find Will stretched out on the couch, grimacing and pinching the bridge of his nose.

“You're a doctor, you've got aspirin, right?”

“I do. And a few stronger things, if you feel like you need them.” He sits on the edge of the couch and strokes Will's hair. “I'm sorry, Mischa doesn't usually induce headaches.”

Will chuckles, and winces. “Nah, these things just happen.” He doesn't go into any more detail about his pain, but he also doesn't resist when Hannibal brings him a glass of ice water, some naproxen, and a cold towel for his forehead, propping him up on the cushions to keep the medication from irritating his esophagus. A man like Will accepting this much care is a sign that he feels terrible, and Hannibal sits by the couch and reads to him as he rests.

Hannibal Gets Off On Being Hunted (And No One Is Surprised)

Will wakes up in the afternoon, and peels the towel off of his forehead, blinking in the bright, golden light. He feels fine now, but there's no sign of Hannibal. Will yawns, collects himself a bit, and goes in search of his host. It's no real surprise to find him in the kitchen, wearing an actual fucking apron and working on something, and Will pads up behind him to see what he's making. This time it's pie crust, and just as Will takes a breath to ask what they'll be filling it with, Hannibal jumps, whipping around with huge eyes and flour-covered hands. He's adorable like this, and that's Will's sole excuse for leaning in and biting his throat. It's a gentle bite, and he does it slowly, enjoying Hannibal's rabbiting pulse.

“G-good afternoon, Will,” he breathes, trembling and putting his hands on the edge of the counter for support. For a fraction of a second Will is disappointed not to have them grabbing his ass, but then grins as he realizes that Hannibal's determination not to get flour everywhere has essentially bound his hands. He bites him again and then presses a sucking kiss to the underside of his jaw and nibbles at the tender skin there, where the stubble is just thinking of coming in. Will nuzzles his own bristles along Hannibal's cheek and he shudders, trying to breathe evenly and failing. “Will...”

“Yes?”

“I need you desperately, but if I leave this dough out on a day like today there will be no saving it.”

Will chuckles, and sucks lightly on Hannibal's earlobe, making him whine, a high and piteous little noise that Will really wants to hear more of. He shudders and bite's Hannibal's neck, hard, down where his collar will hide it. “Get back to work. I'll be waiting for you.”

“Yes, sir,” Hannibal whispers, and Will makes a weird, strangled noise in his throat that makes Hannibal smirk a bit, even if he still looks pretty wrecked.

Will smiles back, and goes to the bedroom to break out the lube and put down some towels because Hannibal is a fussy bastard about his sheets. To be fair, they are quite nice. And Will sweats in his sleep often and copiously enough to find the texture of terrycloth soothing. His shirt has been sticking to him a little since he woke up from his nap, and he's more than glad to take it off, groaning happily and rubbing the sweaty ring off of his neck. He wriggles out of his jeans and peels off his underwear, stretching out on the towels with a sigh. He's stretching luxuriously when Hannibal comes in, flour-free and apronless.

“You really are unbearably beautiful sometimes,” he says, his tone conversational while his eyes are practically glowing.

“So are you,” Will tells him, which is completely true, even if it is the beauty of old statues and steep rocks.

Hannibal lets out a soft puff of amusement as if he knows what Will is thinking, unbuttoning his shirt and draping it over the same chair that's holding Will's. The whole time his gaze is

locked on Will, even as he works his way out of his pants. As soon as he can set them aside, he's crawling up the bed to kiss Will in a desperate, consuming way.

“Fuck me,” he says, in a brief pause for breath before kissing him again, and Will groans, clutching at his shoulders, nails digging into his skin. Will gets about one syllable into asking him how he wants it when he says, “Arrange me as you like, and fuck me,” and then there's a weird sort of rushing in Will's ears and he's sliding out from under Hannibal, hands on his back keeping him face-down on the mattress.

“Okay?” he asks, hauling Hannibal's hips up.

“Okay,” he says, a little muffled where he's clutching a pillow, the tips of his ears and the back of his neck blushing bright pink. He whimpers quietly as Will pushes his knees apart, and arches his back, opening himself up as much as he can. Will shudders, rubbing his tense thighs for a moment to soothe him before he has to pull away and get the lube. Hannibal takes deep breaths, and then lets one out as sigh of profound relief when Will is touching him again.

“Sorry, honey,” Will murmurs, sliding slick fingers over his hole. “Here.” Hannibal whines and mumbles something that isn't in English, trembling as Will works one finger into him. It's easy, like Hannibal's body craves him, and he has to take a moment to just close his eyes and breathe. Hannibal whines, and then moans as Will pushes his second finger into him.

“Please, Will,” he gasps, “please just fuck me, I can take it, *please*...”

Will takes him at his word, slicking his cock and taking Hannibal in one long slide.

Show Me Your Teeth

He can feel Will holding back first, and it's maddening. He makes careful, shallow thrusts and all Hannibal wants is to feel him unrestrained. “Will,” he groans, struggling to look over his shoulder at him, “please!”

“Please what?” Will asks, grinding deep again.

“Sir, please use me to come,” Hannibal says, and the noise Will makes in response is devastated and beautiful.

“Fuck, Hannibal...”

Hannibal gasps, clenching hard on Will. “Use me, use me, I know you want to fuck me so *hard*...” He has no idea what he'll do if he can't break Will's resolve to be civilized, but thankfully this does it. Will slides most of the way out and then slams in again, hard enough to jolt the heavy bed. Hannibal groans and bites onto the pillow as Will picks up speed. It's so good to just feel Will's real ferocity, to offer himself up to the brutal, pounding rhythm and let himself wail and moan and beg. He can't be like this without some some overwhelming sensation to shred his defenses, and the relief of falling apart like this is almost more than he can bear Will grunts softly with effort, one hand knotted into a fist in Hannibal's hair, the other clutching at his hip.

Just as Hannibal feels like Will is going to pound his orgasm out of him, he slows down, rocking smoothly and shallowly so he can catch his breath and as a tease. Hannibal isn't sure which motive predominates, but he doesn't have much patience for either one, tears of frustration standing in his eyes as he whines and grinds back against Will, who chuckles, hands on his hips keeping him from moving much.

“I'm using you, remember?”

“Yes, sir,” Hannibal breathes, shaking, “but you can't expect me to like it when you slow down.”

Will laughs, sounding breathless and free in a way that Hannibal hears all too seldom. He lightly slaps Hannibal's ass, making him moan and giving him all kinds of ideas for the future.

Hannibal tries and fails to shake his hair out of his eyes as he looks back at Will, “I never gave you that taste I promised.”

“...Fuck,” Will whines, a helpless little catch in his voice as he thrusts into Hannibal, hard and automatic. He rests his forehead against the nape of Hannibal's neck and takes a deep breath, forcing himself back to the same slow, shallow rhythm. “I-- how do you want me to do it?”

“Teeth,” Hannibal gasps, and Will moans, clinging to him hard enough that Hannibal hopes for bruises.

“You have to stop me if it hurts too much, you have to stop me,” he gasps and then sinks his teeth into Hannibal's back, just behind the left shoulder.

Will's teeth are sharp and clean and Hannibal groans, the bright, clear pain shimmering over his skin in waves as Will's grip tightens and his hips pick up speed again. Hannibal squirms and moans deep in his chest, falling back into the same animal state he was in before Will had to pause and make him think again. In less heated moments Hannibal has tried to describe this feeling, but words always fail him. Will shifts his grip, moving his head to the side to slash with his incisors, and Hannibal sobs, struggling to press himself into Will's teeth, his voice getting louder and more frantic as Will fucks him harder and harder and tears into his skin.

Hannibal is shocked not to come the moment that Will draws blood at last. It hurts so exquisitely, and Will makes such a sweet, hungry noise and grinds so deep into Hannibal that he has to scream into the pillow. He clutches at Will and babbles affirmatives that may or may not be in English, because if Will gets worried about him and stops, Hannibal may fucking die of it. Thankfully, Will doesn't stop. He moans and drinks Hannibal down, pounding him and reaching around to give him the one and a half strokes it takes to make him come. His thighs shake as he wails into the pillow, convulsing under Will, who joins him after another thirty seconds of hard strokes that hurt now, making Hannibal gasp and purr by turns because it's so good to be pinned under him, fucked out and aching, Will's desperate, mewling cries muffled in Hannibal's flesh. He only lets go after they have both been still for at least a minute, and Hannibal can't help but make a bereft little noise. Will curses breathlessly and covers the bite in kisses.

Hannibal performs a little shimmy of contentment, and Will chuckles, the sound a little rough and cracked. “God,” he breathes, “you fuckin' maniac.”

“Did you get enough blood, darling?” Hannibal coos, and Will whines sharply, hips bucking even though he's soft now. Hannibal chuckles, wrapping one leg up and back to press his heel to Will's ass in an approximation of a hug.

A Very Important Discussion

They shuffle over to a clean towel, but Hannibal sprawls onto his belly again as soon as he can, feline in his utter and shameless laziness. Given his proclivities, sexual and otherwise, Hannibal of course has a discreet first aid kit in the second drawer of the nightstand. There's also a set of heavy-duty leather cuffs down there, but that's a thought for another time. Now Will opens up the disinfectant swabs and gets to work. Brutal as the bite had been, it doesn't look so bad on sober contemplation. There's a dark, bruised ring with a jagged but shallow cut at the top, about one inch from side to side and already mostly done bleeding. It's still troubling, though, and Will can admit to himself that the way he keeps checking it is a bit compulsive.

“Will,” Hannibal slurs at last, “I'm *fine*.”

Will chuckles, still a little shaky as he makes sure for the fourth time that the wound is clean. “Let me fuss, Hannibal. This is the price you pay.”

“Mmmm. Worth it,” Hannibal says, nuzzling into the pillow again.

Will lets out another little laugh because it has to be laughter or tears at this point, and kisses the back of Hannibal's neck. He draws back after a moment, and cleans the wound for a fifth time as Hannibal curses in exasperated disbelief, and then tapes sterile gauze over it. He presses a kiss just above the dressing, and then sits up and puts the kit away while Hannibal rolls onto his back and stretches, reaching for Will when he returns. Will sighs, and lets Hannibal gather him in against his chest, rubbing soothing circles on his back.

“Will, darling,” he says. “I asked you to do that, and I enjoyed every moment of it. I'm all right.”

Will sighs. “I know,” he mutters, “I just...” he feels himself blushing, his face suddenly scalding. “I... I think maybe I need you to even us up.”

Hannibal shivers. “If we were younger, I'd start working on it now.”

Will whimpers, and gently bites Hannibal's chest. “Okay,” he says softly, and then chuckles. “Shit, I thought we were both tops.”

“You bring out my submissive impulses,” Hannibal says, shrugging. “You need someone under you, welcoming your teeth.”

“Fuck,” Will breathes, shivering, and Hannibal chuckles.

“See?” He strokes Will's hair as he speaks, and Will sighs.

“Yeah. That why you liked it so much when I snuck up on you?”

“Indeed. You are a delightful predator, Will. I hope we'll be able to play with that in the future.”

“I mostly prey on fish,” Wills says, and Hannibal chuckles.

“I have given it some thought, and I believe that I could pretend to be a trout for you, but that I would be unable to do it simultaneously straight-faced and sober.”

Will laughs. “And just what kind of lure would you take?”

“It wouldn't matter if it were yours,” Hannibal says, and that does something to Will that he doesn't want to think about too hard, so he just hugs Hannibal and lies there with him in silence for a long time. It's a hot afternoon, but Hannibal's bedroom is full of cool shade, and Will watches the dim shadow of a tree move about a foot along the wall before Hannibal speaks again.

“I did promise you whatever you wanted for lunch,” Hannibal says. “What you would you like?”

As he considers this, Will gets a wonderful, awful idea, much like the Grinch, and has to fight not to smile in a similar way. “May I commute this favor to Sunday breakfast?”

“Of course, Will,” Hannibal says, and it's all Will can do not to crow in evil glee, visions of deep fried, previously frozen hash brown patties dancing in his head. “In that case, I propose that we fill my pie crust with meat.”

“I thought we just did that,” Will says, unable to help himself and sniggering like he's ten years old.

“I'm glad to find you sufficiently recovered to be puerile,” Hannibal says, and that just makes Will laugh harder. Hannibal snorts and pushes him off, the bed more than wide enough for Will to roll harmlessly onto his back. Hannibal stretches and kneels up to smile fondly down at Will. “Silly boy.” He taps the tip of Will's nose and then gets up, finding his pants and putting them on as Will takes the opportunity to ogle him. It's short-lived, of course, and soon Will has to find some clothing of his own to follow Hannibal to the kitchen.

Will Is A Nervous Bunny

Hannibal has never been one for roaming the house half-naked, but it really does suit Will. He comes up behind Hannibal just as quietly as before, but this time he isn't fretting about the effect of midday summer heat on pastry, and looks over his shoulder, smiling at his guest.

“Thought I'd come by to supervise,” Will says, looping his arms around Hannibal's waist and making a small noise of satisfaction at how easy it is to get a hand into Hannibal's only partially-buttoned shirt. He strokes Hannibal's chest hair the same lazy, proprietary way he strokes his dogs, and it's all he can do to bite back a whimper and turn his attention back to the fat softly melting in the pan.

“What kind of meat are we having?” Will asks, still petting Hannibal, draped against him in an easy way that is rapidly proving addictive.

They're having more than one type, a mixture of leftover bits to be rehydrated and flavored by the duck fat and the vegetables and spices cooking in it. Will makes a very good audience for Hannibal's explanation of his methods for the best flavor and texture, even if he is a bit distracting. He stays battened onto Hannibal, moving when he does and pressing against his back with tiny noises of contentment, his hands resting wherever they're out of the way, be it Hannibal's waist, chest, shoulders, or hips. He catalogs each touch in his mind, wanting to learn every possible way Will can put his hands on him.

Will seems to honestly resent the distance the dining table puts between them, and by the end of the meal Hannibal has come to a decision about how to best present dessert, if Will is amenable. Apparently reading his mind, Will puts his bare foot on top of Hannibal's and gives him a hopeful look.

Hannibal smiles. “Will, darling, may I tie you up and hand feed you your dessert?”

Will's fork makes a tiny clink where he drops it against the edge of his plate. “Fuck, yes.”

Hannibal still has to put everything away, and after a fierce and shy kiss, Will scurries off to wait for him. Hannibal wonders if Will will allow himself to be blindfolded, and is literally whistling a merry tune as he rinses the skillet. Once the kitchen is in reasonable condition, Hannibal makes himself take the chilled mould out of the fridge and follow Will to the bedroom. He's sure that a man who neatly folds his underwear won't begrudge him a few minutes to organize, but he doesn't want to take too long.

Will is sitting cross-legged on top of the covers, stripped down to plain white boxer-briefs and looking twitchy and tense. “Hi,” he says, eyes wide behind his glasses. “We should probably talk first.”

“Undoubtedly,” Hannibal says, setting the mould beside the bed and sitting on the edge of the mattress. “I didn't even know you had brought your glasses, Will.”

He blushes, undeniably caught out in not needing them. “I, um... So. Safewords?”

“I wouldn't want you to get into the habit of 'red,' with how much we both enjoy blood.”

“Yeah. How about I just say 'safeword'? I'm not gonna remember much else if I'm freaking out.”

“Eminently sensible. Speaking of freakouts,” Hannibal says, “would being blindfolded make one more likely?” He's stroking Will's hair as he speaks, and Will hugs his knees and looks at Hannibal with that same old fear of his own desires lent a certain piquancy by the battle between terror of his own vulnerability and a desperate craving for it. “And if not, would you enjoy it?”

Will shudders, leaning into Hannibal's hand. “Uh, does this have to be an either/or question?”

“The idea arouses you as much as it frightens you?” Will flushes bright red, and nods. Hannibal does his best to restrain the slow and shark-like grin that wants to unfurl across his face.

“I-I want it, but you have to keep talking to me or touching me the whole time it's on,” Will says, staring down into his lap rather than meet Hannibal's eyes. “It keeps me grounded. Or whatever.”

Hannibal smiles, hunger mitigated by an almost unbearable wave of tenderness. “Believe me, Will, I have no inclination to do this any other way.”

Will whimpers, and risks a glance up, over the top of his glasses. Hannibal wants to eat him alive. He hooks his forefinger under the nose piece and pulls the glasses off, folding them neatly and setting them aside. Will lets him, closing his eyes and letting out a stricken little whine. Hannibal leans in over the unconscious guard of his arms and legs to kiss him, so softly it almost doesn't happen. “It's all right, Will. I'll take care of you.”

Hannibal Makes Only The Classiest Jello Salads

Will feels ridiculous, bundled in a protective wad like this when he really does want to do this. It just makes him so damn nervous every time, and he clings to Hannibal as he pushes him down onto his back. Hannibal just keeps kissing him, soft little things all over his face as he murmurs in Lithuanian and coaxes Will to lie still and fucking relax. It takes a minute, but before long Will can stand to let go of Hannibal, who runs his hands up the length of Will's arms as he guides his wrists up to the edges of the headboard.

“Can you stay here while I get everything out of the drawer?”

“Y-yeah,” Will whispers, humiliated to be such a mess, but glad that Hannibal doesn't mind. He concentrates on keeping his breathing even as he watches Hannibal bring out the cuffs, and a matching blindfold from the back of the drawer, where Will hadn't noticed it. He glances over at the copper mould, covered in a silvery layer of condensation. “Seriously?”

Hannibal smiles, laying everything out on the nightstand. “In your litany of 'white trash cuisine' last week, you did mention jello salad.”

“...Oh man, please tell me there are no marshmallows or pineapple involved.”

“I will not tell you what is involved, but you are safe from those particular abominations. Honestly, Will,” he says, leaning over him and kissing Will's left wrist before carefully putting one cuff onto it, “if the most convenient way to get a fruit to gel is to use the canned form, that is a sign that it does not belong in a gelled salad.”

Will laughs, squirming a bit as Hannibal checks the tightness of the cuff before binding him to the headboard. This might be real fur inside the real leather, but whatever it is, it's very comfortable. “S-so can I keep guessing?”

“If you like,” Hannibal says, kissing his right wrist before putting the second cuff around it. Will shivers, biting his lip.

“Okay. Uh... are there raspberries involved?”

“No,” Hannibal says, tightening the cuff and then checking to be sure it's not too tight. He also checks both at once, and Will feels a rush of gratitude, because there's nothing worse than dealing with someone who has gotten snippy because yes, Will's brain is broken enough to care that his wrists feel uneven in the middle of a scene.

“Uh... is it some kind of aspic? One of those weird meat-flavored savory desserts?”

“Not at all,” Hannibal says, sounding satisfied to find the cuffs even. “Are you ready?” He asks, picking up the blindfold.

Will shudders, and nods. Hannibal smiles, straddling him and carefully placing the blindfold. Like the cuffs, there's a soft material on the skin side of the black leather, and he's glad to find

that it's the good kind, and just blocks his sight and has done with it, no little cracks of light on the edges to torment him with what he can almost see. Hannibal strokes his hair and doesn't catch a single strand in the adjustable strap, making sure that the blindfold is completely comfortable before sliding his hands down Will's neck to his chest.

“Comfortable, darling?”

“Y-yeah,” Will says. He feels like a horse, suddenly calmer now that he can't see.

“Good,” Hannibal says, and Will can feel him twist to touch the mould.

There's a tiny sound as it comes loose, and Will pictures the simple shape, old-fashioned and lobed like the petals of a flower, and wonders what color it is. Hannibal narrates the entire process of dishing a portion up and then taking a spoonful for Will and bringing it to his mouth. Close like this, he can smell red fruit and feel the chill of the spoon. The scent is familiar, but before he can place it Hannibal is feeding him the slick, cold morsel, and the taste bursts across his tongue. It's so rich and overwhelming that at first he can't place it, and then he feels a pomegranate aril on his tongue. The fresh juice when it cracks between his teeth puts everything into perspective. The gelatin is pomegranate juice and some tart, creamy thing he can't identify yet, with the intact arils suspended in it.

Will savors his mouthful, and then answers Hannibal's expectant silence. “Delicious. Pomegranate, and... is that plain yogurt?”

“Creme fraiche,” Hannibal says, and Will can hear him scooping up another spoonful.

“Of course, you'd never use anything that could be legally described as plain,” Will says, and Hannibal chuckles.

“Yes I would, but this works better. Here, have some more.”

Will obediently opens his mouth, shivering as the cold metal touches his tongue.

Hannibal Calls It Jelly 'Cause He's European

Hannibal prides himself on the depth and versatility of his imaginings, but in this case they have fallen far short. Actually feeding Will, bite by slick red bite, is so perfectly satisfying that it scares him a little. Crazy thoughts of feeding Will like a foie gras goose flicker through his mind, and he trembles, sliding the spoon into Will's mouth again. Will sighs, sucking and licking the jelly from it, pink tongue curling around the silver edge as he hums in pleasure. Hannibal shudders, caressing Will's tongue with the tip of the spoon before withdrawing it.

“In all my languages, I do not think there are words enough for your beauty, Will,” he says softly, and Will bites his lip and pulls at his chains, squirming and flushing under Hannibal. There may be no words, but Hannibal tries anyway, murmuring in his native tongue as he covers Will's chest in kisses and little bites that make him flinch and shiver because he knows how much harder each one could be. To prove the point, Hannibal's next bite is much harder, and Will cries out, moaning when Hannibal lets go to gently mouth at the mark that's already forming, the tip of his tongue tracing the imprint of this teeth.

“Fffuck, Hannibal...” Will gasps, and Hannibal bites him again, delighting in the helpless little squeak that forces from him.

“Delicious,” he growls, and moans quietly. Hannibal chuckles kissing him softly and then sitting up to feed himself a few bites of jelly while he just admires Will, spread out beneath him. “I should use you for a place setting sometime,” Hannibal says, and Will shudders.

“Y-yeah, you should,” he says, and then bites back a yelp at the chill as Hannibal sets one spoonful on his nipple. Hannibal chuckles, putting another on the other side, and then leaning down to eat each one, savoring the way the flavors combine with the taste of Will's clean skin. He whimpers and curses and squirms as Hannibal takes his time, getting every last bit, sucking each nipple into his mouth. Will is taut and trembling under him by the time he's done, and makes an impatient little noise when Hannibal reminds him that there are two bites left of his portion. Will grumbles, but takes each one when Hannibal gives it to him, paying it the attention it deserves.

Hannibal smiles. “Good boy.” He sets the gleaming spoon aside, and smiles at the impatient little whine Will makes in his throat. “There, there,” he coos, and picks up the lube, slicking up the fingers of his left hand. “You'll have me soon enough.”

“You're have me, you mean,” Will says, breathless and amused. “Ohfuck,” he adds, high-pitched and almost prayerful with grateful surprise as Hannibal strokes his cock just once, from the root to the tip, covering it in lube.

Hannibal chuckles, rising up a little, the insides of his knees still touching Will, keeping him grounded as Hannibal pushes two fingers into himself. He doesn't have the patience to be gentle, and hisses, groans, and squirms as he pushes back into his hand. This isn't the best angle, but soon it won't matter. He groans, biting his lip and pushing his third finger in while Will tosses his head and pulls at the chains.

“Please, please, please,” he whimpers, a tearful little catch in his voice that makes Hannibal lean down to kiss him, wanting to taste it in his mouth. Will keeps begging into the kiss, whining when Hannibal pulls away to watch his unguarded face as he finally grips his cock, lines the tip up, and sinks down. Will makes a loud, plaintive noise that fades out into a low moan as Hannibal sighs and swivels his hips in a slow, hard circle, running his hands up Will's belly and over his chest, one loosely wrapping around his throat and the other pinching one nipple as Hannibal clenches on him, making him let out a strangled cry and rattle his chains again, scrambling to plant his feet on the mattress for leverage as he thrusts up into Hannibal.

In situations like this, Hannibal sometimes likes to exert a great deal of control, forcing his partner to stay still until they're a sobbing, begging mess. But Will is already a mess, begging even as he takes what he wants, and it's entirely too perfect for him to change it just for the sake of control. Instead he rides Will, keeping a hand on his throat to just feel his rabbiting pulse, panting and moaning softly in between telling Will precisely how delightful his cock is. In French, because it sounds better and Will doesn't have any French, so he won't understand it and get self-conscious.

Aftercare and MSG

Will usually tries to last when he's on top, but 'on top' is a pretty stupid way to say it here, since he's flat on his back and he's fucking chained to Hannibal's bed, making loud, wild noises because Hannibal is so hot and so tight, rocking on him and grinding down to take him so fucking deep that he can't bear any more.

“Please, sir,” he gasps, not sure if his face is wet with sweat or tears in the darkness of the blindfold, “please, please, I can't--” he interrupts himself with a ragged cry as Hannibal pulls most of the way off and then slams down again. “Oh god,” Will whimpers, tugging uselessly at the cuffs again, “I can't last, I can't!”

He's starting to freak out a little, but then Hannibal presses a hand over his heart and says, “It's all right, Will. Give it to me, I want it.”

Will is in some weird place where that makes everything okay and in the next breath, he's coming, so hard that his body is completely out of his control, bucking and jerking under Hannibal as it blinds him for a moment. Hannibal rides him through it, and when he goes still at last, he leans in and kisses him in a way that would have made him go weak in the knees from a cold start. Now he just moans and quivers, sighing as Hannibal runs his hands up Will's arms to check the cuffs and then to hold his hands.

“Is it all right if I come on you?” He asks, once Will has caught his breath, and Will moans, shuddering as Hannibal slides off of his soft cock.

“Please.” It isn't usually his thing, but the way Hannibal is about scents is slowly warping him. He really wishes he could see Hannibal, but the slick sounds and hoarse gasping as he fucks his hand faster and faster are good enough. Hannibal is silent as he comes, going still as it splashes onto Will's chest, slick and warm.

Will is pretty much useless for the rest of the night, but Hannibal doesn't seem to mind. Once he can move again, Hannibal licks Will's chest clean and then sits up to undo the cuffs. He warns Will before each one comes loose, and Will doesn't even have to ask for him to take the blindfold off slowly. Instead of blasting Will with light, he lets it in gradually. Will still blinks and squints when Hannibal lifts the leather away, but he's quick to adjust, and grateful for the cool air on his face. He squirms happily when Hannibal starts pressing kisses to the humid skin there, and Hannibal chuckles.

“My sweet boy, how do you feel?”

“Good,” Will says, hugging Hannibal tightly because he can. They stay like that for a while, but then of course Hannibal gets out the wet wipes and starts cleaning Will up, finally rolling him off the towel and tucking him into bed. Will barely has time to feel lonely and bereft before Hannibal is switching off the light and wrapping himself around Will from behind, holding him tightly. Will sighs, putting his arms over Hannibal's and holding him in return.

Will feels safe as he drifts off to sleep, but his dreams do not feel safe at all. There are entirely too many events and images, but the one that wakes Will up is a monster with mirror shards for teeth, roaring and snapping at his heels as he leaps from one stack to another in a giant library. He jolts awake, sweaty and jangled. If he were at home, Winston would hop onto the bed and try to lick his face, wagging his tail furiously. Here, he has Hannibal, who cracks one eye and looks up at him through his tousled hair.

“Will?”

“Just a dream,” he says, and suddenly remembers his evil resolve for today. He almost doesn't have the heart, when Hannibal has taken such good care of him, but then again, it's not really supposed to be a punishment or anything. There's no law that says the man has to order anything, and so it is with a reasonably clear conscience that Will tells Hannibal to dress for extremely casual dining. It's early enough that it's still cool out, and Hannibal comes shuffling out of the bedroom in plaid slacks and an enormous grey sweater, adorably bleary-eyed. He blinks a few times and then yawns, rubbing his eye with one balled up hand and following Will out to the car, where he curls up in the shotgun seat and dozes for the entirety of their trip to the nearest Burger King.

Sunday Breakfast In America

Hannibal sits up when he feels the car slowing, and so has time to appreciate the garish sign and the pervading smell of cheap grease as Will pulls up to the drive-through. He looks somewhere between gleeful and guilty, and Hannibal has to smile.

“I had no idea you were so sadistic, Will,” he says, and Will snorts.

“You don't have to get anything,” he says, “and I can take you somewhere with food you actually want to eat.” Hannibal takes his hand and squeezes it.

“I look upon this as a kind of culinary safari, Will,” he says. “Order for me, and we'll see what I can eat.”

“Ordering for my companion like a real gentleman, huh?” Will says, pulling ahead to the speaker.

“My sole stipulation is that I be provided with coffee,” Hannibal says, and lounges back in the seat as Will orders what sounds like two breakfast sandwiches along with coffee and hash browns and something called French toast sticks that Hannibal shudders to contemplate.

Once their order is in, they pull from window to window in that way that Hannibal has almost forgotten. This isn't his first encounter with fast food. He may be particular, but he has been an ER surgeon in the United States. He has some idea how bad this morning's coffee will be, and of the wretched flavor of the combined preservatives and frying medium in the hash browns. At the final window an adorable, bright-eyed young person hands Will two paper cups of coffee and then a paper bag, wishing them a super day. Will smiles at her, but shudders as they pull away.

“Don't look back,” he mutters, “it's an alien replicant.”

Hannibal smiles. “Perhaps just a Mormon, Will.”

Will chuckles, and finds a spreading tree to park under, the heat of the day already making itself known. Hannibal pulls his sweater off, and examines the terrible processed food units before him. The hash browns are of course prefabricated patties, and Hannibal's sandwich is an English muffin with another prefabricated patty of some utter disgrace to sausage and a piece of processed cheese. The less said about the French toast sticks, the better. Hannibal can deal with processed cheese, at least. He carefully turns the sandwich upside down and peels off the thin layer of meat before reassembling the whole mess and taking small bites off of the edge.

“That offer to get you real food stands,” Will says, and takes another bite of his own sandwich, which seems to involve bacon and egg. The egg is a homogenous yellow rectangle folded over once, like the world's worst tamago sushi. Hannibal shudders delicately, and sips his coffee. The weak, bitter taste reminds him of hospital coffee, and he feels almost nostalgic for the grueling shifts, terrible hours, and the camaraderie those conditions foster.

“There's no need for that, Will. I'll simply make us an early and healthy lunch.” He takes a bite of a hash brown patty and supposes that on the same base level as OK! Magazine, it's enjoyable. As he chews his morsel, he tries to place just how long it has been since the grease was last changed. Outside, it's getting brighter and hotter by the moment, and Hannibal is glad for their shaded location as he nibbles his way through his appalling breakfast.

“Will,” he asks after a while of comfortable silence, “do you know any barehanded angling techniques?”

“...Are you saying you're down with pretending to be a fish after all?”

“Perhaps,” Hannibal says. “I very much enjoyed being hunted by you when you weren't even trying. I can't help but think of something more elaborate and purposeful.”

Will chuckles. “Well, I did used to tickle trout when I was a kid. Never noodled for catfish, though. Too much excitement for me.”

“And what are the salient differences between the two operations?” Hannibal asks, and Will beams at him, the expression amused and unbearably fond.

“Noodling a catfish requires better lung capacity than I've got,” he says, sipping his coffee. “You dive deep, along the rocks they like to hide in, and you reach your hand into a hole that maybe has a catfish in it. If he's in there, he attacks. Bites onto your glove and thrashes like a bastard while you grab on and kick for the surface.”

“How violent,” Hannibal murmurs, breaking another hash brown patty in half.

“Tickling trout is lot gentler,” Will says. “You have to find one lurking under the bank in the shade, on a hot day like today. Once you're pretty sure you've got one, you lie down on the bank on your belly, real easy, and you take a few breaths and feel the sun until you almost forget what you're doing before you reach in, slow as an hour hand. If you feel like you're moving, you're going too fast. When you get your hands into the water and feel him there, you start at the tail, and you just stroke him, very gently, working up toward the head.”

Hannibal shivers, and sips his terrible coffee. “We may have to try this, Will.”

Will just grins at him, shrugging out of his flannel shirt as the sun rises higher.

A Chance Encounter In A Juice Bar

It's surprising, how calmly Hannibal accepts his fate, and Will feels like a jerk for confronting him with Burger King sausage, even if he's not actually making him eat it. He lets him have most of the hash browns, which he is eating, slowly. He nibbles each patty from one end to the other, taking tiny, constant bites as it keeps getting brighter and hotter outside. Even with the shade, by the time Hannibal is finishing the hash browns, it's pretty hot in the car.

“Should we go home, or do you want to take me up on actual food?”

“I propose that we split the difference,” Hannibal says, dropping his trash into the empty bag and rolling the whole thing up with prissy neatness. “There's a juice bar on the way back.”

Naturally, the juice bar is a dim little place with an idiosyncratic name that Will isn't sure how to pronounce. It's wonderfully cool after being in the sun, and there is an actual bar. The woman standing behind it greets them with a smile and hands them each a menu, moving away to wash glasses and let them make up their minds. Will is surprised at how vast the selection is, but not at all surprised that a place Hannibal likes has things like grass jelly and rose syrup on the menu. Thankfully, there are more typical options, and he can order a banana smoothie when the time comes. Hannibal orders something called Rooh Afza, that looks like strawberry milk and smells like herbs and fruit.

When the headache starts, Will thinks that it's brain freeze, but it only intensifies when he takes his mouth off of the straw, and he groans, fumbling for his aspirin.

Hannibal looks over at him, concerned. “Will?”

“Another headache,” he says, downing his pills and tucking the vial away again.

“They seem alarmingly frequent,” Hannibal says, his expression unreadable.

“I dunno, I went through a phase in middle school when I had them a lot, and Dad had to carry aspirin around sometimes.” He winces. “I might want you to drive, though.”

“Of course,” Hannibal says.

Will presses the cold glass to his forehead, feeling a little better. In the quiet, he can hear someone in a booth talking about tyromancy, and a look of dread crosses Hannibal's face. “Don't look,” he mutters, and then the owner of the voice comes up beside Will with two empty glasses, politely requesting another round. It's the faun-like guy from Hannibal's office, and his eyes light up the sight of them.

“Oh, hi! It's you.”

“Hi,” Will says, smiling faintly. “It's me.”

“Franklyn Froideveaux,” he says, offering his hand. It's slightly damp when Will shakes it, but nothing too horrible.

“Will Graham,” Will says, and takes another sip of his smoothie.

“Dr. Lecter,” Franklyn says, leaning around Will a little, “I didn't even know you came here, I swear.”

“That is what you would say if you did, Franklyn,” Hannibal says, “but I believe you.”

“I'm actually here with Tobias,” he says, lowering his voice a little and glancing back toward the booth. Will follows his line of sight and sees Franklyn's companion, sitting with his chin in his hands and looking tolerantly amused. There's something feline about his face, and it looks like the lines of irritation are well-carved. Now he smiles fondly at Franklyn, who goes pink and fumbles for a tip when the woman comes back with his strawberry lassi and salted limeade.

Hannibal smiles, and this one reaches his eyes. “Good luck, Franklyn.”

“Thank you, Dr. Lecter,” he says, and goes back to the booth. Hannibal rolls his eyes heavenward once he's sure that Franklyn isn't looking, and Will does his best not to snicker.

By the time they leave his headache is almost entirely gone, but Hannibal drives anyway, and insists that Will rest with a cold towel on his forehead when they get back. Since Will didn't really have any big plans after making Hannibal endure Burger King, he stretches out on the couch while Hannibal curls up with his laptop in one of the big armchairs, putting on some beautiful classical piece as he looks over patient charts or whatever. Will sighs, settling deeper into the cushions and propping his stocking feet on the arm of the couch as he stares at the back of his eyelids.

“Well,” Hannibal says after a long time of nothing but music, “this is interesting.”

“Mm?”

“CarnivorousDoe has sent me an email, not an on-site pm.”

“Curiouser and curiouser,” Will mumbles, and yawns.

Soup Is Good Food

CarnivorousDoe's real name is Abigail, and she needs someone to talk to. Beyond the inherent difficulties of being a fantasy cannibal, Abigail is young and female. The assumption that she is prey rather than predator follows her everywhere. Hannibal remembers being that age, and exasperating at it was, Abigail surely has to put up with more. Of course, in the dim, dead days when Hannibal was nineteen, there was no internet and it was much harder to find more experienced perverts. He has most of his reply typed before Will takes the towel off of his face and gets up, drifting closer to read over Hannibal's shoulder. Usually he hates that, but like most things about Will, it's sort of endearing.

“Do you have any additional advice for the dear child?” Hannibal asks, and Will chuckles.

“What the hell do I know?”

“You did have the sense to seek professional help when overwhelmed,” he says, tilting his head back to look up at Will, where he's leaning on the back of the chair.

“Only 'cause Bev nagged me.” He shrugs. “I dunno, tell her to look for a weird European boy who wears windowpane check all the time.”

Hannibal chuckles, and sends the message as it stands. “After all,” he says, “Abigail might not be into Europeans in bold patterns.”

“It's not always the kind of thing you know about yourself,” Will says, kissing the top of his head. Hannibal chuckles, taking Will's hand and pressing a kiss to his palm.

“Perhaps not,” he says, thinking of all the things about Will that he would have claimed not to like before, like his perpetual stubble and his near-inability to wear anything ironed.

“Is it about time for that healthy lunch?”

“You know,” Hannibal says, lacing their fingers together, “I think it is.”

For all his lack of culinary initiative, Will is a very good kitchen assistant. It's very nearly 38 Celsius outside, the Fahrenheit side of his thermometer showing 99.5 degrees, so of course he makes a green salad and gazpacho, Will helpfully peeling, dicing, and blanching things while Hannibal runs the blender and whips together a bowl of dressing.

“It's better to do this with a mortar and pestle,” Hannibal says, the machine switched off so he can check the consistency, “but it's too hot to do that much work today.”

Will chuckles, rinsing the cutting board and then drying his hands on the towel, which is one he bought for Hannibal and has 'Eat The Cook' printed on it in bloody red letters. “I'm glad to know there are limits to what a purist you are.”

“And I'm glad you don't take salad for lunch as an affront to your masculinity.”

“Whut? You mean there ain't no meat in it?” Will asks in exaggerated horror, and Hannibal laughs.

“Not a bit,” he says, turning back to the blender and pushing juice splashes down the walls with a spatula. “Don't worry, it won't make you any more gay than you are already.”

“Will this?” Will asks, stepping up behind Hannibal and sliding his hands up his shirt. They"re barely damp anymore, but still cold, and it makes him flinch and then sigh as he relaxes again.

“Mm, perhaps,” he concedes, leaning back on Will a little and replacing the blender's lid, giving the soup one more pass. He prefers a very smooth consistency because it makes the garnishes stand out more, and he explains this as best he can over the roaring whine of the repaired motor and with Will's hands gently exploring his chest. He only pinches his nipples once, which Hannibal appreciates, since he's trying to operate machinery, but it's a long, hard pinch, and Hannibal's heart is still pounding when he stops the blender and declares the soup to be done, sending Will to collect the bowls of garnish while he pours the soup. It's a nice, tangy blend, with a lot of cucumber to make it even more cooling than usual.

Hannibal always enjoys his own cooking, but watching Will taste a novel dish is even better. He's cautious about it in a way that conjures up the ghost of a very picky child and makes Hannibal think that he may be on the edges of being a supertaster, and there's something very graceful in it. He takes an unobtrusive sniff, and then a very small amount, examining it for a moment almost too short to see and then bringing it to that pretty mouth, eyes closing at the moment of contact and then opening again as he tilts his head a little to the side like he's listening for some inaudible sound. The entire performance is such a delight that it makes Hannibal forget to eat, a rare achievement for anyone.

Tickling Trout I

Will does his best not to squirm in his chair and to just eat like a normal person. It's a bit like just drinking mild salsa, but it's not as if he doesn't like mild salsa, and it's perfect for a day like today. He kept his undershirt on so he wouldn't stick to the couch, but he's starting to think it's holding in too much body heat. Hannibal has actually been reduced to wearing a t-shirt, almost like a normal person, and looks extremely touchable despite the heat. It is getting to him, though. Will can tell, because he just rinses everything after their meal, leaving it in the sink to be dealt with later, and only makes a desultory effort to check the various blogs he's addicted to and doesn't even touch his little pile of foreign newspapers before pulling his shirt off and stretching out on the kitchen floor with a soft groan.

Will chuckles, and sits down beside him, resting his back against the fridge. “So you do know how to sweat.”

“Pfft. You of all people should know that I sweat, bleed, cry, and come just like anyone else.”

Will shivers. “Not just like anyone else,” he says, and Hannibal turns his head to smile at him, resting his cheek on the tile.

“How shockingly romantic of you, Will.”

Will snorts and rolls his eyes. “Please. You know you're hot.”

“In both senses, yes.”

“That was bad even for you.”

“I try.”

“You succeed gloriously,” Will says, and Hannibal chuckles, rolling onto his belly and giving a piscine little quiver that makes Will laugh.

“Mm?”

“You kinda do remind me of a trout,” he says, and Hannibal chuckles.

“Wouldn't I be under some kind of cover?”

“You would,” Will says. “They like overhanging banks.”

And that's how they end up in the living room, with Hannibal stretched out under the coffee table and demanding that Will demonstrate his technique.

“You are fucking ridiculous,” Will tells him, crouched by one of the long sides. He has ditched his own shirt, as was his practice back in the day.

“The human condition is ridiculous,” Hannibal says. “Please, talk me through the process.”

Will chuckles. “You think the table's sturdy enough for my preferred method? A lot of people get into the water, but I learned from an old man who taught me to stretch out on the bank and hook my arm under.”

Hannibal glances up at the wood over his head. The coffee table is a pretty substantial piece, large enough for after-dinner coffee for a whole party. “I think it will hold your gracile form,” Hannibal says, and Will chuckles.

“You sure do got a purty mouth, Dr. Lecter,” Will says, and climbs onto the table. It isn't quite wide enough for him to be flat on his belly in the old way, but soon he's half-curled on his side. “You have to just wait for a moment,” he says. “You're usually not positive there's anybody there, but if you think enough like a fish, you can just know. You take your time, and just breathe and listen to the water for a while.” He doesn't wait nearly as long as he would for a real fish, that can take hours.

“Whenever it starts to feel right, you reach into the current,” he says, lowering his hands to the floor, “and very carefully see what you have.” He reaches under the table, finding the top of Hannibal's foot, sliding one fingertip between it and the carpet, just barely touching him at first. It's so hot and the wood of the table is so cool under him that it isn't hard to slide into the mindset he actually used to use to tickle trout, back when he was a kid with no real gear. Properly, the base of Hannibal's spine would be the beginning of his tail, but Will feels like going the whole length of his body is more trout-like, somehow. He takes his time about it, murmuring to Hannibal about how the process works, and the old legend about the tickling fingertips reminding the fish of the feeling of water weeds against its belly.

“Trout don't purr,” he says, working his way from the tops of Hannibal’s' thighs to his belly.

“Poor untalented things,” Hannibal murmurs, and Will laughs quietly.

“Hush, you. If I laugh too loud you'll snap out of it and swim away.”

Hannibal chuckles and subsides, shivering a little as Will shifts along the table, keeping the stroking of his fingers constant and just firm enough to not really tickle as he makes his incremental way up to Hannibal's chest. “If you don't lose it at the beginning,” Will says quietly, “this is the trickiest part. It helps to just stay here for a minute, trying to match the slow current under the bank.” Hannibal shivers and writhes a little, very like a fish thinking better of letting itself be taken. Will automatically switches to tiny, slow circles, murmuring, “You have to get slower, and even quieter.” He presses a little more firmly and Hannibal stills again.

Tickling Trout II

Will's fingers circle higher and higher, and Hannibal pants quietly, untouched nipples as hard as his aching cock. He shudders as Will strokes his shoulders and then up over his throat, providing some incidental carotid sinus massage and slowing his pulse just a bit.

“Once you're up to the gills,” Will says, voice still dark the way it has been since this began and that Hannibal has heard all too seldom, “you have to stop being slow and start being quick.” Even with these words of warning, it's still a surprise when Will wraps his hands around Hannibal's neck. He pulls a little, and Hannibal lets himself be tugged out of the imaginary stream. At his size and with his proclivities, Hannibal is used to pretending to struggle while helping someone else move him, and soon he's on his back on the carpet and looking up at Will, who grins down at him.

“And once you've pulled your fish and knocked him over the head, you decide what to do with him.”

“I think the head-knocking is superfluous in this case,” Hannibal gasps, and Will chuckles, leaning down to bite his neck, so hard that Hannibal bucks and gasps, shaking under him.

“I think so too,” Will says softly, biting over Hannibal's pulse and making him moan quietly. “And I think I know exactly what to do with you.” Hannibal has several different packages and types of lube, and isn't very surprised when Will pulls one of the small tubes out of the waist of his boxer briefs.

“What about the carpet?” Hannibal asks, and Will chuckles, pulling off their remaining clothes and tucking them under Hannibal's hips.

“There. You're definitely the fussiest trout I've ever landed.”

“Not the most beautiful?” Hannibal coos, batting his eyes to make Will laugh, which he does, slicking up two fingers and pushing them into Hannibal, an easy slide because he's so eager.

“Definitely the most beautiful,” Will purrs, pressing deeper as Hannibal moans. “Absolutely the fiercest.” Hannibal squirms and tries to take his fingers deeper, whining when Will draws back. “And by far the most eager to be hooked,” he says, crooking his fingers and making a devastating little circle.

“A-and you th-think my jokes are bad,” Hannibal breaths, grinding down into the touch.

“You really like it when I hunt you, don't you?”

“Yes,” he says, abandoning his pretense of having no arms to drag Will down into a slow, rough kiss. “Now fuck me.”

One of the many nice things about Will is that he knows how to take orders. He takes just long enough to make sure they're both slippery enough to keep from hurting each other, and

then pushes Hannibal's knees up and back, opening him up and sliding in to the base in one perfect movement. Hannibal groans and lets his head fall back with a tiny thump as Will fucks him deep and slow, gradually picking up speed until he's slamming into Hannibal. One hand comes up to cradle the back of his head as Will groans with every thrust, the force of each one moving them a little across the floor. Will bites his shoulders again and again, whimpering as his rhythm gets faster and jerkier, that cradling hand pulling his hair now, hard and possessive and perfect.

Hannibal feels yet again like Will is a wild thing in his arms, frantic and barely controlled, and he growls encouragement in all his languages, telling Will to come inside him, that he wants it. Will locks eyes with him for a moment, and the jolt is unbelievable. Hannibal has suspected that Will avoids eye contact because it makes him feel too much, and now he's sure that it's true. Neither of them can look away until Will grips Hannibal's cock, stroking him into and through the kind of orgasm that makes it completely impossible to keep his eyes open. Will lets out something that's almost a scream as he grinds deep into Hannibal and shakes in the grip of his own climax. He subsides with a quiet, sobbing whimper, resting his head on Hannibal's chest. He always feels so small at times like this, feral strength deserting him and leaving him his actual size.

“I think it was maybe too hot to do that,” he says at last, the two of them sticking together with sweat and semen.

Hannibal laughs. “Perhaps.”

“You have all this money and no air conditioning?”

“It's just set not to be wasteful. It should be on by now,” he adds with a grimace as Will shifts, pulling his chest hair. “Whether it's broken or not, a cool bath is still possible.”

Sunday Evenings With Friends

By the time they get out of their cool bath, it's obvious that the AC is, in fact, busted. Hannibal gives him a towel-clad tour of the various temperature controls in a place with this many finicky, perishable foodstuffs, a pampered harpsichord, and a set of Japanese lacquered armor. Fixing any part of this delicate ecosystem is going to be a real job, and nothing for Will to fuck with right now.

“Call an actual repairman,” he says, pulling his clothes on for the drive home. “If I can get to it before he does, he can check my work for you.”

“Thank you, darling,” Hannibal says, and kisses his cheek before going back to the kitchen to make him a sandwich, since he isn't staying for dinner.

The whole scene is appallingly domestic, and after kissing Hannibal at the door and reconfirming for next weekend, Will tries not to think about it on his drive home. Not thinking about it gets easier at his destination, where the dogs come charging out to greet him, ecstatic at their master's return. He feels a bit bad for leaving them, but everyone looks healthy and happy, and when he gets inside Beverly is able to assure him that she took them running both days.

“We've been having a pretty good time,” she says. “A little junk food 'cause Daddy isn't here, a lot of fetch for Winston and wrestling for Buster, you know, the usual.”

Will chuckles, setting his neatly-wrapped sandwich on the kitchen counter and going in search of some sweet tea to have with it, glad to see the fresh batch Beverly had agreed to make if she finished off what he had. “I'm glad to have someone I can trust to take care of them,” he says, pouring one glass and then another for Beverly when she gives him a hopeful look. “Have you eaten yet? Hannibal made me this huge sandwich.”

“Even if I had, I'd want a bite,” she says, and Will brings everything out to the table, cutting whatever artisan baguette this is in half, careful of the filling, which turns out to be portobello mushroom, fresh mozzarella, basil, and a perfect, bleeding-red tomato. The spread is some kind of homemade mayonnaise, with carefully-chosen little herbal notes and what must be lemon, and Will and Beverly forgo further conversation until the entire sandwich is gone.

“You may have to marry him just for the food,” Beverly says, and Will laughs so hard he can barely squeak out that he thought the same thing the first time Hannibal made him dinner. She grins. “Well, there you are. Whatever's going on, I think he's good for you.”

“Yeah?”

“You've definitely relaxed about your unspeakable perversion,” she says, scratching Querida behind the ears.

“I have?”

“Dude, we watched three episodes of Angel Squad last week and you barely flinched!'

“...Shit, you may be right.” The cast of that cult classic of trash TV have always seemed particularly edible to Will, and the constant peril, bondage, and hulking, male-typed monsters had been no help whatsoever. Beverly loves the fucking thing, of course, and Will had squirmed his guilty way through a lot of it earlier in their acquaintance, and a few episodes since he managed to find the courage to let her know about the effect it has on him.

“Will, we watched the one where Samael almost gets eaten by Belial, and you didn't even flinch, let alone find an excuse to get up and do something else until she gets rescued.”

“...I'm pretty obvious, huh?”

“Not obvious enough for me to have guessed, yet.”

“You've gotten close,” Will says. “It's a bit specific.”

“Is it specifically for big-titted blondes struggling against both the physical bonds keeping them in place and the mental bonds making them enjoy it as a huge shadow demon begins to consume them?” Beverly asks, and Will laughs.

“No, but it is uncomfortably hot.”

“Oh, totally,” she says, grinning. “Wanna watch some more before I go?”

Will sighs, hanging his head in comic shame. “Yes.”

“You're lucky I left that thumb drive here,” she says, and Will takes the dogs out while she gets a few episodes cued up and makes popcorn, weaving her usual spell over his shitty microwave that makes it not burn the stuff. By the time he brings the pack back in, Beverly has arranged their viewing area, and he can settle in beside her and take a handful of popcorn as she starts the show and the dogs settle in around them.

Friday Afternoons With Dogs

Hannibal is very glad that his plan is already to spend the weekend with Will. If it weren't, he would have to rearrange his calender and overcome any of Will's objections, because when he calls Hannibal on Friday afternoon, he sounds horrible.

“I'll probably be on the main bed when you get here,” he says, “and not in any sexy way. Jesus, my fuckin' head...”

“I'll be right there,” Hannibal says. “With painkillers for you and treats for the dogs.”

“Thank you,” Will says, and hangs up. Hannibal already has a bag and a basket packed, it only takes a minute to throw in some naproxen. He feels his solitude more now he knows Will, but he's glad that he has no pets of his own to provide for and can just dash out to Wolf Trap.

Sure enough, the door is unlocked and Will is sprawled on the downstairs bed in his underwear with a cold towel on his head and a dog on either side, the others swarming to greet Hannibal, who chuckles and pats a few of them as he makes his way to the kitchen, setting the basket down before bringing Will a glass of water and some pills. He sits up to take them and chuckles weakly as Hannibal moves to support him and to make sure that the towel is still cold.

“It's already starting to go away,” Will says, “but goddamn.”

“Will, I think you should get this checked.”

“Maybe so,” he says, and sighs. “I have been feeling a little weird lately.” He pauses. “Then again, I can sit through Angel Squad now.”

Hannibal laughs. “I'm glad to hear that obvious Fetish Fuel doesn't bother you so much now that you've acknowledged your own desires.” He kisses Will's temple and helps him prop himself up on the pillows before going back to the kitchen to unpack the dog treats and to refrigerate his perishables. The pack frisks around him, even loyal Winston drawn away by the promise of roasted gizzards. Hannibal feeds each one individually to make sure that everyone gets a fair share, and finds the dogs very well-mannered about it, even if there is some whining and minor bouncing.

Will chuckles, watching from the bed. “You really have figured out the way to their hearts.”

“Who doesn't appreciate a well-made snack?” Hannibal asks, passing out the last bits and washing his hands. The dogs wag in agreement, and then Winston returns to his stricken master's side, curling up next to him on the bed.

“I'll live,” Will tells him, scratching him behind the ears. “And even if I don't, Bev will look after you. I think his last owner died,” Will adds, to Hannibal. “He still had a leash when I

found him, and I put him up on Pet Harbor and called the pound and everything, but nobody stepped up, even though he has great manners."

"I've often wished that animals could talk," Hannibal says, coming over to sit on the edge of the bed, petting Winston, who wags and noses into his hand.

"He's such a good boy," Will says fondly. "Newest arrival and de facto leader of the pack, too."

"Of course," Hannibal says, scratching Winston's chest as he pants happily. "Such a good dog," he croons, and Winston wags his tail.

Will chuckles. "So what are we cooking when I recover? I know you."

"I brought the supplies for black pudding, if you're amenable." Will's pupils visibly dilate, but Hannibal waits for him to actually speak.

He swallows hard, his voice a little rough when he says, "That sounds like a fun idea."

Hannibal chuckles, stroking his hair and wiping a few stray droplets off of his face. "I'm glad you think so. For now I'm going to sit here and read to you."

"Let the dogs out to pee first, 'kay?"

"Of course," Hannibal says, getting up and clicking to the dogs, two of whom are already sitting expectantly by the door. The whole pack precedes him outside, and he stands on the porch with his hands in his pockets, watching as they sniff old markings and make new ones. A wave of his arm brings them back a few minutes later, and soon everyone is back inside, and Hannibal can settle in beside Will's bed and bring out his e-reader.

"Would you like something from a medical journal, or fiction?"

"Fiction, please, unless you need to read something for work."

"Not at present."

"Is the fiction all as fucked as your movies?"

"...Perhaps," Hannibal admits, and Will laughs.

"I'll take whatever you were reading last. That's in English," he adds.

Hannibal chuckles. "I do have a translation of an odd little French horror story," he says, and Will laughs.

"Go ahead, horrify me."

"Very well, then," Hannibal says, and begins. "Chapter One: Smiling Silence. *Evening was in the wood, still as the dreaming bracken, secretive, moving softly among the pines as a young witch gathering simples.*"

Cooking With Hannibal

Being taken care of after a week like the one Will has had is wonderful, even if, as always, it embarrasses him just a little. He probably should go to some kind of non-psychiatric physician about how crappy he has been feeling lately. He was having to change his shirt between lectures from sweating so much, and while Will has always run hot, it has never been like this. After so much hideous heat, he likes the imagery of the dark, autumn woods of the story, and the way Hannibal's voice caresses each word is incredibly soothing.

"*Surely midnight, a dark wood, a lantern, and a death-mask, with two owls whistling to each other across the valley, were enough to account for any number of forbodings!*"

"I'll say," Will mutters, already wondering what in the hell this douche is thinking, not smashing the obviously-haunted mask.

Hannibal chuckles. "I find Antony rather exasperating, myself, but the florid beauty of the words and the sleek inevitability of the story keep me coming back. Shall I finish the chapter and then start cooking?"

Will shivers at the thought, because holy shit they'll be working with Hannibal's blood. "O-okay," he says, and Hannibal smiles.

"Black pudding takes time," he says, "we probably won't really be able to enjoy it until tomorrow, but I can promise something almost as good for tonight."

Will chuckles. "Sounds like a plan," he says, and listens while Hannibal reads the last sentence or so that remains to the chapter. "Antony fucks everything up for his family, doesn't he?" Will asks, heaving himself to his feet as all the dogs wag, delighted to see him upright again.

"That would be a spoiler, Will," Hannibal says, and Will laughs, following him into the kitchen.

"So," he asks, trying to keep his tone light, "how much blood did you bring?"

"A bit under a cup," Hannibal says. "I'll be making up the difference here." Sure enough, he sets out a large, clean syringe with his other ingredients and tools. Will hopes that Hannibal can't hear the noise he makes.

"I see," he says, a little hoarse. Hannibal steers him to sit down at the kitchen table, and pours him an enormous glass of water.

"Sit there and hydrate while I work," he says, and Will obeys, sipping his water as Hannibal carefully simmers steel-cut oats and tells Will all about the history of blood puddings. Once the oats are right, he takes them off the heat and pulls a glass jar of blood out of the fridge. He sets it aside and picks up the syringe, deftly slipping it into the crook of his left arm. Will

is staring, wide-eyed and half hard, when Hannibal's phone rings. He jumps, and Hannibal laughs.

“Get that for me, would you?” He asks, still drawing blood.

“Sure,” Will says, tearing himself away to pull the phone out of the outer pocket of Hannibal's bag. “Hello?” he says to whoever this is.

“Hi! Are you Will?”

“Is this Abigail?”

“Yeah. I can call back, if Hannibal is in the middle of something.”

Will glances over at Hannibal and swallows hard as he slides the needle out of his flesh and presses a gauze pad to the tiny wound. “Uh, he's kind of cooking...”

“I can take it,” Hannibal says, completing his neat little bandage and coming to take the phone from Will, kissing his cheek.

“Abigail, my dear, how are you?...Yes, I was actually just drawing some fresh blood to work with.” He laughs, and talks to Abigail for a while longer about her classes and some stupid boy who isn't taking the hint to stop pursuing her.

“If he goes true stalker I will happily kick his ass,” Will says, and Hannibal laughs and relays that information.

He listens a while longer, and then smiles and says, “Of course we can, Abigail. In public, as is safest for everyone....Yes, I know, but there is a truly excellent juice bar in the area. Your youth need not deprive us of ambiance.”

Will chuckles as Hannibal hangs up. “Glad to see you guiding the younger generation,” he says, and Hannibal smiles.

“I do my best,” he says, tucking the phone into his pocket and stirring salt into the blood as Will comes up behind him to watch more closely. “You wait a little,” he says, stirring the cooling oats, “and then strain the blood into the bowl and mix everything together.”

“What kind of spices do you think you go with best?”

“Warming ones, I think,” he says, sighing happily when Will wraps his arms around his waist. “I have a blend prepared. A little star anise, some black and white pepper, a little long coriander. That kind of thing.”

“I'll trust to your expertise,” Will murmurs, nuzzling his shoulder and breathing in his scent.

Baking Black Pudding

Black pudding being what it is, Hannibal has other plans for tonight. The baking and the cooling will take long enough that there's no point in eating any of it until tomorrow. He is not at all averse to a midnight snack, but he'll leave that until the relevant moment. For now he sets the pudding to bake and then assembles a casserole to put in beside it. Will watches him work, straddling one of the kitchen chairs, his forearms resting on the back. It's a pose Hannibal will have to draw him in.

“There,” he says, shutting the oven door. “That will be ready in forty-five minutes, which gives me plenty of time to make a salad.”

Will chuckles. “Wow, so much effort.”

“Effort for which I am well trained, and which is well worth it,” he says, digging through the refrigerator for Will's pitiful greens. At least there's some spinach and some celery, this time. “Besides, a balanced diet is very important.”

Poor Will is still so tired that he goes back to bed while they wait, and once Hannibal has his mise en place ready for the salad, he reads to Will as the savory smell of black pudding and chicken casserole fill the house. When Hannibal gets to Antony's poem 'The Northern Sphinx,' he asks Will if he can read it to him in the French, because it sounds so much better that way.

“Sure,” Will mumbles, and yawns. Hannibal smiles, rubbing Will's belly with the kind of careless affection that people bestow upon dogs before he begins. He simply translates the English back as he reads, because this is not something that he has memorized. It still flows better than the English, and he's very pleased with the results, particularly the rapt look on Will's face. The resumption of English prose breaks the spell, of course, and by the end of the chapter Will is grumbling and calling Antony a douchebag.

”To love an image with one's whole heart! If only one could achieve that—and never come out of the dream. These thoughts gave him a new desire to look again at the image. He felt that in some way she would be changed, and he hastened up the wood in a strange expectancy.”

“I can't believe he's already cheating on his wife with a fucking mask,” Will mutters, and Hannibal laughs.

“Another chapter, or have you had all you can bear?”

“Pfft. Now I'm invested,” Will says, and snuggles down into the pillows with a gesture for Hannibal to continue.

They get through another two chapters before the timer goes off, and Will shivers when Silencieux speaks. Hannibal smiles, giving him a kiss on the forehead before getting up and preparing the salad. By the time he's ready to serve, Will has gotten up and set the table. As

always, it's a pleasure to watch him enjoy good food. He asks Hannibal about the ingredients as he eats, showing a touching interest in allowing Hannibal to hold forth on one of his favorite subjects.

“You know what would particularly delight me?” Hannibal asks, and Will smiles.

“I don't know, sugar,” he drawls, “what?”

“Using you as a place setting. I feel that it would be given a certain extra piquancy if I were eating the black pudding.”

Will's eyes fill with that wild, hungry expression that Hannibal loves so much. “Jesus, Hannibal. Yes. Yes, we can do that.”

“For lunch tomorrow, perhaps,” Hannibal says, and for the rest of the meal he can feel Will's eyes on him.

In the end, Hannibal supposes he's fortunate that Will actually helps him with the dishes for a whole ten minutes or so before pouncing on him. Not that Hannibal minds. The situation is basically under control, and he loves the way Will wraps around him from behind, holding him almost too tightly as he growls and bites his shoulder. It's a hard, vicious bite, and Hannibal moans, glorying in the pain and in the lack of inhibition it indicates. Will bites him again and then grabs him by the hair, hauling him up the stairs. Hannibal makes some soft, high sound at the pull, and Will glances back at him, eyes feverish.

“All right?” he growls.

“Yes,” Hannibal gasps, “yes, please...”

“Please what?” Will asks, pulling him onward.

“Please, do what you want with me.”

Will whines, stopping halfway up the stairs to kiss Hannibal so hard that their teeth cut his lip, and then drags him the rest of the way to the bedroom, locking the door behind him and giving Hannibal another devouring kiss before shoving him down onto his back on the bed.

Ravenous

Will feels more than a little crazy, but he can't bring himself to stop and Hannibal doesn't seem to mind. He can barely get out of his clothes, fumbling and then yanking. He tears his t-shirt a little and then flings it aside to dive back down to bite the crook of Hannibal's neck again, leaving another bruise and scrabbling at Hannibal's shirt. He's acting like a wild animal, and feels like one, too.

It soothes something in him when Hannibal says, “Yellow,” because it allows him to prove to himself that he actually is capable of understanding words and putting on the brakes, like a decent human being instead of a ravening beast. He can't stop shaking, but other than he's still as Hannibal smiles up at him and says, “I don't want to lose any buttons." Will lets him sit up just enough to undo what seems like every goddamn button in the world, but finally Hannibal drapes the fucking thing over a chair and lets Will pounce on him again, laughter fading into a deep groan as Will bites his shoulder and holds on, filled with a mad craving to break the skin and then do more, to bite out a real piece of Hannibal and swallow it down, where it can strike his heart like an ember.

Will whimpers and makes himself let go only to bite the other shoulder almost as hard. Hannibal clutches at him, his capable hands weak and clumsy as he tips his head back and moans quietly. Even as crazy as he feels right now, Will can't resist his throat, long and elegant, blood pulsing so close to the skin. He bites down hard enough that Hannibal's next moan sounds a little strangled, but his hands don't even tense on Will's back. Will could tear his throat out right now and Hannibal would just *let* him. Will groans, grinding against Hannibal and feeling him so hard against his own cock, even through all the fucking clothing they're still wearing.

Scrambling out of his pants and underwear, Will manages to release Hannibal's throat. The sound he makes at that is almost disappointed, but he wriggles out of his remaining clothes and actually tosses them over the side of the bed like some kind of normal person. For a moment Will can almost taste his blood, can imagine the warm burst of it so clearly that it frightens him. He rolls Hannibal onto his belly, since this way it's harder to reach most of the places where a single, hard bite can do lethal damage. Hannibal is as obliging as ever, helping Will move his substantial weight and then melting under him, letting out soft, breathy noises as Will covers his back in bites, growling at the resilience of muscle between his teeth.

By the time Will reaches Hannibal's tailbone, he has broken the skin in several places, and has real blood in his mouth. Hannibal is letting out a little whimper with each exhale, and he shakes as Will spreads him open, scrambling to draw his knees up a little to help, crying out as Will devours him in a way he'll be embarrassed at later. Will actually likes rimming pretty well, but he doesn't usually just dive in like this. He likes to have everything definitely washed beforehand, and to start slowly.

Now he buries his face in Hannibal, growling as he works his tongue into him and Hannibal presses back, mumbling in what Will is coming to recognize as Lithuanian, making no other sound but rough breathing as he rolls his hips, shamelessly riding Will's tongue. When Will

pushes a finger in alongside it, he sobs and wraps his legs around Will, digging his heels into his back and keening quietly as Will slides his middle and ring fingers into him.

“Will,” Hannibal gasps, struggling to take more even though he's already down to the knuckles, “Will, please!”

He sounds so desperate and raw that Will wishes he had enough control to tease him, but he doesn't. He's profoundly grateful for the nature of their arrangement, because scrambling into position and grabbing the lube is all he can manage right now. If he had to dig up a condom as well, he'd probably cry. As it is he guides his tip to Hannibal's hole and then glides in. This is something else he usually does slowly, but now he makes a high-pitched and helpless sound of his own as he sinks in to the base. Hannibal groans and pushes back, gasping for Will to take him, to fuck him hard and use him, to consume him. Will just growls and fucks him until he's incoherent and nearly screaming, latching onto his shoulder again and moaning at the taste of blood as Hannibal wails and comes, bucking and shuddering under Will for an endless moment, whimpering as Will follows him over the edge.

First Aid

Hannibal doesn't usually think of himself as needing aftercare, but a wave of misery sweeps over him when Will pulls out. Then the wave rolls back, because Will gathers him into shaky arms and holds him tightly. Hannibal sighs, burying his face in Will's chest and clinging to him. Now that they're physically connected again, he's content. He finds himself making the low noise in his throat that people have called purring, and Will chuckles, weak and a little cracked.

“You okay?”

“Far better than okay,” Hannibal murmurs, sighing and then pulling in a deep breath of Will's scent. He shivers happily, and starts to cover that smooth chest in slow, soft kisses. Will shivers, and moans almost inaudibly when Hannibal suckles gently at one nipple.

“Fuck,” he whispers, “you're still bleeding a little.”

“Mm. I know how to get it out of the sheet,” Hannibal mumbles, shifting to the other side. Freudians would see immaturity in how much this comforts him, but as far as Hannibal is concerned, Freud was a miserable coward with all the introspection of a fart, so he doesn't worry about it.

“That isn't what I care about!” Will snaps, and Hannibal looks up at him, concerned. Will gazes down at him, with that guilty look that Hannibal hates to see on anyone.

“Will,” he says, kissing the corner of his mouth, “it's all right. Being ashamed of your pleasures accomplishes nothing.”

“I could have really hurt you! Dammit, I *did* really hurt you, fucking look at yourself!”

Hannibal kisses him again, stroking his hair. “Ssshh,” he murmurs, “my sweet, caring boy. You are a gentle beast, and hurt me no more than I wanted.” He kisses him again. “You listened when I used a safeword to save my shirt, Will. You were able to stop because an inanimate object mattered to me, I know you would have stopped if I had told you I wasn't enjoying it.” Will looks like he isn't very sure of that, and Hannibal gives him another kiss for good measure. “I trust you, Will, and you deserve that trust.”

“...Let me patch you up,” he says, and Hannibal smiles, kissing him again.

“Of course, Will.” He nuzzles the side of Will's neck, biting gently and then forcing himself to stand up. He does feel every one of Will's bites as he moves, but he luxuriates in the sweet ache they send along his skin and into the muscle beneath. He sighs and stretches his arms over his head, rolling his neck and chuckling at the fond and exasperated look Will gives him.

Will takes his hand and leads him to the bathroom, sitting him on the closed lid of the toilet, facing the tank so Will has room to work. Hannibal props his forearms on the cool porcelain,

and tries not to moan or squirm too much at the sting of disinfectant and the gentle touch of Will's hands.

“You're a fucking menace,” Will grumbles, applying dressings with admirable precision, and Hannibal laughs. Will gives him an irritable swat on the ass, accessible because of Hannibal's forward lean, and then kisses the back of his neck, sighing and nuzzling his hairline. “I just don't know what I'd do if I went too far.”

“I'm not afraid to protect myself, Will.” The memory is always so immediate, no matter how many years go by. The red mist of rage and the leap and the cutting and all that blood. He can almost feel it and taste it if he wants to, but he doesn't want to. He wants the present, his time with Will, a man worthy of being consumed, someone whose touch and taste he *wants* to keep forever. Will just sighs, and kisses his neck again. A few more dressings and he stands back, studying his work.

“Well,” he says, “I guess you'll live.”

Hannibal chuckles, sitting up and stretching his arms and rolling his neck, shivering happily at the ache. “Of course I will. Do you need me to prove it to you?”

“...I could use a hug,” Will mutters, sounding almost guilty about it as he puts the first aid supplies away. Hannibal stands and wraps his arms around Will, pulling him in tight against his chest and trying to engulf him as much as possible as he sighs and melts against him. Hannibal murmurs to him in his native tongue, nuzzling Will's dark curls and committing the way his heart beats to memory.

Tasty Tasty Black Pudding (And Canniboners)

Will still feels a bit shaky by the time he can bear to let Hannibal go to launder the sheet and neatly fold and hang his clothes, but the dogs are willing to look after him. At Hannibal's insistence he gets himself settled on the downstairs bed, and the dogs pile on with him, delighted to see him again after his long seclusion. They lick him and nuzzle him and press against him from all sides, warm and steady as always. He pets them and cuddles them and breathes in the smell of clean dog. By the time Hannibal comes to join him, Will feels almost like himself again.

Hannibal smiles down at them, standing there naked as a jaybird and just as comfortable. “Feeling better?”

“Yeah,” Will says, and makes a little tch-ing noise to make Kit move over so Hannibal can climb in beside him. The dogs rearrange themselves to cuddle him just as readily, and he smiles, scratching Kit behind the ears as Winston worms under Will's arm on the other side for pettings. Will obliges him and tangles his legs with Hannibal's, snuggling into his chest.

Will means to get up and brush his teeth and shower, but instead he slides straight into a long night of bizarre and vivid dreaming. Some of them are almost wet nightmares, and others encapsulate centuries only to be forgotten immediately. He feels hot and strange and restless, waking to the feeling of Hannibal toweling the sweat from his body. He's fucking soaked, and it must be disgusting.

“S'rry 'bout that,” he mumbles.

“There is no need to apologize, Will,” Hannibal says. Will can barely see him in the faint moonlight, and closes his eyes again as Hannibal rolls him off of the clammy sheet to lay a clean towel over the spot. He's dozing again as Hannibal rolls him onto it, and falls back into his tangled dreams in a moment.

When Will wakes up for real, it's to a promising scent of mingled frying and coffee, and to Hannibal speaking what's probably Italian to the dogs. Will shambles up and wanders into the kitchen to find Hannibal frying bacon and something else in the same skillet.

“Is that the black pudding?” Will asks, and he can feel himself blushing.

“Yes,” Hannibal says, turning to kiss Will's bristly cheek.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Will mutters. “Do I have time to shower?”

“You do,” Hannibal says, and Will hugs him around the waist before shuffling off to the bathroom, petting dogs as he goes.

By the time Will gets back, Hannibal is poaching eggs, and soon Will is sitting down across from one of the main ingredients in his breakfast. It's beautifully plated, of course. He takes a deep breath and then cuts the corner off of one perfectly-crisped black slice. There's no point

in delaying, and besides, why should he contaminate his palate with a pig he never met before tasting the man he... well, probably loves. He should say that out loud at some point. For now he investigates the smell and the taste of this precious morsel, chewing very carefully and entirely too aware of Hannibal's gaze.

“How is it?” he asks, after Will swallows.

“Delicious,” he says, his voice sounding husky and strange to his own ears. It is delicious, and he eats the rest of the slice in tiny bites to make it last. He tends to morning wood in general, and is now, as he predicted, rock hard at the table. Taking a break to try everything else doesn't help much, and he can't help a quiet, plaintive little noise at the first first bite of the second slice. Hannibal smiles at him in a way that just makes everything worse, and Will squirms in his seat.

“Would you be willing to be my place setting during lunch, Will?”

“...Yeah, probably,” Will says. “Fucking hell.”

Hannibal chuckles. “I think we'll both enjoy it immensely.”

“Can we maybe do something about this nail-hard cannibal boner before then?”

“I think 'canniboner' has a more pleasing sound,” Hannibal says, “and yes, yes we can.”

“You're fucking ridiculous,” Will mutters, and then doesn't say another word as he cleans his plate. Hannibal doesn't either, and the silence is shockingly comfortable. The dogs skulk around hoping for one of them to drop something, but they're out of luck today. The idea of licking his plate gives Will a moment's pause, and then he laughs at himself and gives in.

A Lazy Saturday Morning

Hannibal opts to save his best efforts for lunch. For the moment he just slides under the table and sucks Will off so quickly that he doesn't even have time to fret about the dogs, who don't actually seem that concerned as their master yelps and groans and then lightly thumps his forehead against the table and whimpers as Hannibal swallows and swallows, neatly licking a stray drop off of his lower lip as he pulls away.

“Fffuck,” Will whines, voice cracking a little. Hannibal chuckles, kissing the inside of his knee.

“Darling boy,” he croons, “you're delicious.”

Will laughs, the sound cracking a little. “So are you,” he says, fumbling for Hannibal's head under the table, finding it and ruffling his hair. Hannibal is almost disappointed not to be scratched behind the ears.

“Mm.” He leans into Will's touch. “Will, when you're being my place setting, might I cut you just a bit?”

“It'd be only fair,” Will says, a little breathless as he gives Hannibal's hair a gentle tug. “I like the thought of you in charge.”

“Controlling you so you don't have to worry about controlling yourself?” Hannibal purrs, and Will whimpers quietly.

“Yeah,” he says.

Hannibal smiles and nuzzles his inner thigh. “I look forward to it.”

For the moment, Will pulls away to collect himself. He makes sure that the dogs haven't been overfed, and then takes them out for a walk while Hannibal cleans the kitchen and bakes the crust for a savory tart. By the time Will returns, the kitchen is in order and Hannibal is savoring his second cup of coffee as he works on Will's half-finished fly.

“Am I gonna have to take you fishing?” Will says, and Hannibal chuckles, not looking up.

“I suppose I could find a long weekend for that.”

“I think I have an extra pair of waders somewhere,” Will says, opening his battered briefcase and dragging out two untidy manilla folders and setting up camp on the bed with his laptop and most of the pack, save for the second smallest one, who lurks by Hannibal's feet in the hope that more food will be forthcoming.

“What are you working on?”

“This stuff is all about Bundy. They keep trying to get me to go over Dahmer instead, but... yeah.”

“I feel like there should be a word for that,” Hannibal says, “for that queasy undercurrent of arousal that comes with accounts of certain atrocities. Like the term 'compersion' for taking pleasure in seeing your lover with someone else.”

“Ugh,” Will says. “It's still pretty bad, but thanks to you and Alana I can contemplate a lecture on it without breaking into a cold sweat and throwing up.”

“To be fair, you seem to break into a cold sweat at little provocation these days.”

“I know. If I get much worse over the next week or two, I'll get this shit checked.”

“See that you do,” Hannibal says. “Your well-being is important to me.”

Will just laughs, and is soon engrossed in his work. Hannibal does some reading of his own, for work and for his own entertainment, and then gets up and gets to work on lunch, humming to himself as he crisps small squares of black pudding. This batch really has turned out well, though perhaps the next one should have just a bit more anise. By the time he's spreading goat cheese over the prepared crust, Will is wrapping around him from behind again. He's good at not being in the way when he does this, and Hannibal smiles.

“Hello, dear.”

“I'm thinking too much like Bundy and I started to feel like I was gonna get another headache if I kept looking at the screen.”

“I can hardly make you my place setting if you're distracted, so I can only hope that you managed to tear yourself away in time.”

Will snorts. “I feel all right, now.”

“Good,” Hannibal says, and arranges the black pudding, arugula, and cherry tomatoes over the cheese.

“So, how are we doing this?” Will asks.

“I think the upstairs bed, with an extra sheet spread over it as a tablecloth. If we were at my house, I would put you on the coffee table.”

“Face down, or what?”

“That depends,” Hannibal says. “Which would you prefer?”

“Probably face down if you're gonna cut me,” Will says, pressing his face to the back of Hannibal's neck as if he's trying to hide. “I think it would feel best on my back.”

An Extremely Nice Place Setting

Will still feels a little bit crazy, but the thought of Hannibal taking control helps, as does the task of tucking a clean sheet over the made bed upstairs. He keeps one pillow out so he'll have something to rest his head on, and shivers as he puts it in place beside a length of soft rope. It's funny, how hard it had been to ask Hannibal to bind his hands. It's not like it was a surprise to see his eyes light up at the thought or anything. He strokes the rope slowly, because the softness calms him. He breathes deeply and clenches his eyes shut, counting backward from ten to zero. He strips without any fanfare since his audience is still in the kitchen, and sits on the foot of the bed, too nervous to lie down yet.

He feels like he should be helping Hannibal haul everything upstairs, but he had said that he was more than equal to the task, and Will isn't in the mood to argue. He's in the mood to submit completely to whatever Hannibal wants to do to him. Frightening, as always, but it's only fair, and he knows Hannibal won't *really* hurt him. He's not so sure that he can return the favor anymore, and he shivers again, this one entirely unpleasant. He hugs himself even though he isn't cold, and jumps when he hears Hannibal outside the door. He's clucking to them in a language Will doesn't know but a tone he does, the message being that they may not come in and that this food is not for them, but that they are also not unloved. He smiles, getting up and opening the door for Hannibal, fending off dogs with his feet as Hannibal slips in with their lunch and a few other supplies on a tray.

“I forgot I owned that,” Will mutters, making a shooshing noise and waving a hand at his hopeful dogs. They skulk away, presumably to nap and dream of leftovers. Hannibal smiles at him, still holding the tray. “Of course you had.” He nods to the bed. “If you would?”

Will stretches out on his belly, crossing his forearms under his chin as Hannibal sets two plates on his back, one between his shoulder blades and the other near his tailbone. They're cool against his skin, and he's careful to stay still as Hannibal lovingly plates things, describing the wedge of savory tart and the salad as he places each one.

“Now,” he says at last, “yours is the plate closest to your head. What shall I feed you first?”

“...Yourself, of course,” Will says, trying not to tremble.

Hannibal chuckles. “The tart is best experienced as a whole,” he says, “but your wish is my command, Will.” A moment later he's offering Will one of the bite-sized squares of black pudding, holding it between his thumb and forefinger. Will eats it carefully, and kisses Hannibal's fingertips when he's done. Hannibal chuckles and murmurs something Will can't understand. He doesn't mind, the tone is soothing. He chuckles, thinking that this must be some of what it's like to be a dog. He zones out for the next few minutes, just letting Hannibal feed him bits of tart and carefully-arranged bites of salad. When he's on the verge of asking what there is to drink, there's a cup in front of him, filled with red wine. It has a warm, complex smell, and the variety of notes that Will is starting to recognize as 'good wine.'

“Aren't you not supposed to drink while you do kinky shit?” he asks, and Hannibal chuckles, tipping the cup so Will can drink, which he does, purring at the rich taste that goes so perfectly with Hannibal's blood.

“Were you planning on getting drunk, Will?”

He chuckles when he can do it without spewing wine. “I guess not.”

“The rest of the bottle is downstairs,” Hannibal says. “Trust me, Will. I'm a professional.”

Will just laughs and takes another long sip. Hannibal feeds him the rest of the meal without a word in English, and Will finds himself feeling kind of dazed again. He just lies there while Hannibal dabs at his lips with a napkin and pulls away to stack the empty plates. Will melts into the mattress and sighs when Hannibal takes his wrists, binding them over his head. He tugs lightly at the rope, and he should probably be worried at what a relief it is, not being able to escape. Hannibal kisses the nape of his neck and then wipes him down with some kind of moist towelette.

“Will it sting?” Will asks, and Hannibal chuckles.

“Only the knife itself. It's very important to me that your pain be deliberately-inflicted, Will.”

Will moans quietly, feeling like a freak for how hard that makes him. “Fuck, Hannibal...”

“Such lovely skin,” Hannibal murmurs. “What sort of design shall I cut into it?”

Will Is An Art Project

It has been a very long time since anyone let Hannibal cut them. The first time he had been very young, still, and it had been about nothing but control, a way to assure himself that he could stop, that he could feel the sweet, slick blood and not let it all out. Even that had had its joy, its triumph. This is much, much better, and he's almost drunk on the trust Will shows in letting him choose the design.

He straddles Will's hips and makes tiny, shallow cuts with a scalpel. His hands are still steady, and he outlines a dog rose, delineating and shading the petals with more cuts, the pink-and-red design emerging like a charcoal drawing on paper. As beads of rich, dark blood emerge, Hannibal swipes them up with the fingers of his left hand and licks them up one by one. He still can't believe that Will didn't specify, that he trusts Hannibal to adorn him according to his own tastes.

“Izzat a flower?” Will mumbles, and Hannibal chuckles.

“Yes, Will, it is.”

“What kinda flower?”

“Known as the dog rose, it is the heraldic rose of English royalty. More relevant to us, it stands for 'pleasure and pain' in the language of flowers. In Victorian England,” he adds. “Perhaps we can do this again someday, using the Japanese system.”

“Maybe,” Will says, and then moans as Hannibal cuts him again. The design is simple, and Hannibal wants sensation and beauty, not real damage. Never real damage for Will. He leans forward and kisses the defenseless nape of his neck, nuzzling up into Will's hairline and drugging himself anew on his scent.

“You are absolutely delicious, Will,” he says, “and most of the time you have no idea.”

Will's only response is to moan and squirm, and Hannibal can't help a single, hard thrust against his perfect ass that makes him whimper and struggle to offer it up more completely. Hannibal groans, biting his shoulder and then sitting up again, ignoring his own various throbs and aches to finish the image.

“I cannot abandon a work of art half-completed,” Hannibal says, “not even for you.”

“Not even when it is me, huh?”

“Exactly,” he says, and kisses Will's neck again. A few more lines and his minimalist design is complete. He licks the flowing blood from the dainty cuts. There's a piquant almost-sweetness to it, but it's nothing Hannibal can place, and seems to vanish after a few strokes of his tongue. By the time Hannibal is satisfied that there won't be too much of a mess, Will is whining softly on each exhale, shamelessly grinding up and back against Hannibal, who uses his weight to keep him pinned where he is.

“Please,” Will whimpers, “please, I need it.”

He shakes when Hannibal rises up on his knees to open his trousers. Hannibal has certain rules about his clothing, but they don't matter, not with Will begging for his cock. He reminds himself to go slowly, that Will doesn't do this very often and that he must be gentle, but two fingers slide in easily and Will groans, rocking his hips on them in a way that is truly beautiful to watch.

“Please more,” Will gasps, and then lets out a long, low groan as Hannibal adds a third and pushes deeper, circling slowly to test Will's degree of relaxation, relishing each frantic beat of his heart as his body opens and opens for him.

There is only so much Hannibal can take, and when Will begs him again he just slicks himself up and pushes in. He has enough presence of mind to go slowly, and Will cries out, melting into the bed as his body lets Hannibal in. Hannibal holds him open, sighing at the sight of his rim stretching tight around him. Will takes his full length easily, but tenses up a little as he reaches the base. Hannibal is still, just breathing with him and admiring the rose on his back. He adds a little more lube, and Will whines, trembling all over and then laughing as Hannibal slaps his ass.

“You ready?” he purrs, and Will groans into the pillow.

“Yes,” he mumbles, and then moans as Hannibal barely pulls out and then rocks back in. It's a process, but with a little more lube, Will is groaning as fast as he can breathe, sounding stunned at his own pleasure. Hannibal is growling now, a sound from the depths of his chest and his throat that he can't consciously control. It just makes Will moan, pulling his knees up under his hips and wailing as Hannibal pulls out completely to get himself positioned comfortably and then plunge back in. It's a smooth glide from tip to root, and Will tugs at his bindings, making high, ragged sounds as Hannibal settles into rhythm.

Like Blood On Clean Snow

Will's mouth goes slack enough that he's drooling a little as Hannibal pounds him, and he's making these helpless, wild sounds that would be alarming him if he had enough brain power left to be alarmed. There are a lot of reasons Will doesn't do this very much. Lack of opportunity, general tension, his own love of topping, trust issues... and every time he gets over it and goes forward, he wonders where his reluctance came from. It feels so good to be opened up like this, stretched out and filled, Hannibal grinding deep inside him.

By the time Hannibal reaches around, Will almost doesn't need the help. “O-oh fuck, fuck, Hannibal!” he hears himself wailing, high and raw enough that somewhere beyond the locked door one of the dogs howls. He's too fried to know who it is off the top of his head, and for the moment, he really doesn't care. He lets out a louder, more agonized sound with no words in it as he comes all over Hannibal's hand, whimpering softly at the last flurry of painful thrusts, too much in Will's post-orgasmic state but nothing that he wants to stop. Hannibal buries himself as deep as he can with a rough grunt, and purrs something in Italian, his lips just brushing Will's ear as he pours into him.

They lie together for a long time afterward, and Will whines softly when Hannibal slides out of him. “Hush,” Hannibal murmurs, biting the edge of Will's ear. Will hushes, and doesn't make a sound when Hannibal gets up, even though he wants to whimper like a disappointed dog.

“Good boy,” Hannibal says softly, stroking Will's hair and then vanishing for a moment, coming back with first aid supplies for Will's back and a basin of hot water. He hums to himself as he cleans Will and then disinfects his back with something that doesn't sting, guiding him up onto his knees so he can wrap clean gauze around Will's chest, looping it over his shoulders as well.

“There,” Hannibal says at last, tucking him into bed and gathering up the dirty towels, “now you look more comfortable.”

“Needs more hugs,” Will mutters, and Hannibal chuckles, carrying the towels away and coming back to oblige him, sliding between the sheets and gathering Will into his arms.

“Is that better, dearheart?” he murmurs, and Will can feel it rumbling in his chest.

“Yes,” Will mumbles, and hides his face in against that rumble for a while, just breathing and feeling the cuts in his back. He sighs, and Hannibal nuzzles into his hair, holding him closer still.

“My beautiful dog-rose,” he murmurs at last, one big hand resting on the bandages, “wild and pure and perfect.”

“Pure?” Will asks, close enough to normal to get sarcastic.

“Like blood on clean snow, Will,” Hannibal says softly. “Like an animal, you are pure, but not innocent.”

“You're a poet and you don't know it,” Will grumbles, and Hannibal laughs.

“Ah, my darling, but I do know,” he says, and then starts speaking Italian again. Will can tell he's quoting and would bet good money that it's Dante, but at the moment he prefers to just lie here and let the words wash over him. Hannibal starts dropping little kisses onto Will's face like the very beginning of a soft rain and he switches languages to one Will can't place right now, rubbing and slowly squeezing the back of his neck with one gentle palm. Will moans softly, and dozes off in Hannibal's arms.

He wakes up to dinner in bed, and Hannibal tenderly feeds him little bites of black pudding, telling him what a beautiful, sweet boy he is. This is a theme that continues all night and through Sunday, as Hannibal takes such tender care of Will and his new back-piece that it's almost annoying. Almost. Will lets himself be cuddled and pampered and if he feels a bit feverish from time to time and has terrible dreams, life could be far worse.

It's still a wrench to say goodbye to Hannibal, on Monday morning rather than Sunday night as planned. He seems to be suffering light top drop, checking Will again and again on their way out the door.

“Hannibal,” Will finally says, the two of them standing on the porch, “I'm *fine*. Relax.”

Hannibal chuckles, kissing Will's cheek. “I shall do my best, Will.”

He ends up peppering Will with affectionate and anxious texts all day, but at least they only come about once per hour, and often have bonus content, such as a picture of a particularly amazing cake from one of the many food blogs he's addicted to, or a cute baby animal. Will chuckles at the sight of them, and answers each message between classes.

Hannibal Worries A Lot

Hannibal cannot help but worry about Will after cutting him, so it's a profound relief when he calls from his office in the early evening to assure Hannibal that while he's not feeling so great (there has been a worrisome return of the headaches, to say nothing of a low-grade fever that Will is not taking seriously enough) none of it is Hannibal's fault. He agrees to come and look at the air conditioning tomorrow, and sounds very calm and comfortable when he hangs up.

This makes it all the more surprising when Hannibal's doorbell rings at two o'clock in the morning, jolting him out of a dreamless sleep. He throws on a bathrobe and answers the door to find Will standing there, frightened, confused, and covered in sweat. He's shaking, and his eyes are huge.

“Hannibal,” he whimpers, stumbling across the threshold and into his arms, “I don't know how I got here.”

Of course this is an extremely pressing question, but first Hannibal wipes Will down, puts him into a set of dry pajamas with the cuffs rolled up, and seats him on the couch with a blanket to wait on a cup of tea. It is only after everything is in order and the tea steeping that Hannibal sits down with him and asks about the last thing he remembers.

“I was too hot,” Will says, leaning on Hannibal. “I couldn't sleep, and I got this horrible fucking headache.... Oh fuck, I *drove* here!”

“Drink your tea,” Hannibal tells him, and goes outside to inspect the car. There's a large dent in the driver's side door, but at least no blood anywhere. There's a plastic bag in the passenger seat, containing a box of ice pops and a bottle of aspirin. Hannibal takes it inside, putting the box in the freezer and giving the bottle to Will. “You ran into something, but it does not appear to have been animal in nature.”

“Oh, well,” Will says, “that's all right, then. Fuck!”

“Just drink your tea and calm down. I'll drive you home, and we'll see what we can see.”

“...Were there popsicles in the car?” Will mutters. “I feel like I bought popsicles.”

“They're in the freezer,” Hannibal assures him., and rubs Will's back as he finishes his tea. His phone rings as he sets the cup down, and he jumps under Hannibal's hand. It turns out to be the police, calling on behalf of a panicked driver who had nearly run Will off the road. He agrees to get checked out and to contact his insurance company, and Hannibal sighs, packing a small meal to take with them to the Emergency Room.

“You know,” he tells Will in the car, “I was hoping that I could avoid seeing the inside of an emergency department for at least another year or two.”

Will sighs, and sucks on his ice pop in a truly obscene way. “I tried,” he says, with such genuine plaintiveness behind his acerbity that Hannibal reaches across the gearshift and takes his hand until he has to shift again. Graveyard shift being what it is, there's a mass of babies with fevers, and what looks like a stab wound, trying not to dribble all over the place. Will, sweet boy that he is, feels like he shouldn't even be here, but Hannibal merely finds them a place to sit after Will is triaged to low priority, since he seems to be thinking, talking, and walking straight. It's annoying, but not unexpected, and when Will tries to apologize Hannibal gives him some bleu cheese on a cracker and tells him to hush.

By the time they get to Will, he's asleep on Hannibal's shoulder, drooling gently. It will mean a trip to the cleaner's, but Hannibal simply doesn't have the heart to move him until the time comes. He gives Will a gentle shake and helps him toddle through intake. The staff allow him to stay because Will wants him there, and the HEENT comes through completely normal. Will is a bit warm, but not even technically running a fever anymore, and can spell 'world' backwards and count from 100 to -5 by sevens, and it's honestly irritating that they can't find anything wrong, because something clearly is.

For now Hannibal is forced to accept a diagnosis of transient global amnesia, for all the good that does anyone. Will is just glad to be allowed to leave, and insists on going home even though he's pretty sure he left everything there in order, as his memories of the night start to filter back in. Hannibal stops by his own home for fresh clothes, because there's no way he's leaving Will alone.

Meeting Abigail I

The dogs are fine, thank god, and it's a relief to remember an overheated late-night dash out to get popsicles and more aspirin. Hannibal keeps fussing over Will, and he doesn't really have the strength to fight it, allowing himself to be fed nourishing tidbits and then tucked into bed with Winston, who is touchingly concerned. He scratches Winston behind the ears, and promises that he'll be in better shape tomorrow.

“I hope you won't make a liar out of yourself,” Hannibal says, bringing him yet another cup of tea.

“Why is there even tea in my house?” Will mutters, sipping it. “I blame you.”

“And I accept it,” Hannibal says, climbing into bed beside him and cooing something in Lithuanian to the dogs.

Will sighs, leaning on him. Nice as it is to remember thinking, *I need some fucking lemon-lime popsicles*, and to be able to string together the panic of being hit, and swerving away from a tree just in time and then making his terrified and adrenalized way to Hannibal's house, this whole thing has still been pretty fucking disquieting.

“You need to find out what's wrong, Will,” Hannibal murmurs. “Transient global amnesia just means they have no idea what's going on.”

Will groans. “I know, I know. Maybe this weekend.”

Hannibal just sighs, and cuddles Will to sleep, leaving very reluctantly and cautioning the dogs to look after Will, which makes him smile. He's not ready to consign himself to a battery of tests just yet, but he does take the day off. Tuesday is his lightest schedule anyway, and he did say he'd look at Hannibal's climate control systems. He's still so worried about Will that he doesn't even murmur about dog hair, and Will gets to bring the pack with him. He actually feels better than he has in some time, and wonders how much getting to sleep late and bring his dogs to job site has to do with it.

Hannibal of course has a very complicated setup, and it takes Will some time to figure it out. It's comfortable, working with his hands and with dogs snuffling at his feet and Hannibal bringing him cooling drinks. It reminds him of bringing lemonade out to his dad when he was working on something, and he's achingly nostalgic by the time everything kicks on again, the whole house humming gently as the air begins to cool. Will is sticking to his shirt for reasons that have nothing to do with fever, and he sighs, stretching and cracking his neck as the dogs gambol about his feet, picking up on his pleasure in a job well done. Hannibal applauds, and Will laughs and bows.

“Thank you, thank you, I'm here all week.”

“In that case,” Hannibal says, handing him yet another glass of water, “I vote that you join Abigail and me tomorrow.”

Will drains half the glass, scratching Querida behind the ears as he does. “There is some time in the middle of tomorrow...”

“Enough to meet us at Miscela at a bit past one?”

“Probably,” Will says. “I can't believe I've started hanging out at a juice bar. With a fucking Italian name. You're a bad influence.” Hannibal just laughs at him, and Will grins, feeling healthier than he has in a long time.

Wednesday morning is much less pleasant, but he manages to drag himself to class, and his students have had more time to study for their test, so they don't stink of desperation and Will can just sit quietly and listen to the scratching of pencils on Scantron sheets. He feels hungover despite having had nothing to drink the night before. He gets a headache on the drive and has to down more pills at a red light, and all in all, it is a profound relief to step into Miscela's cool darkness.

He takes a moment near the door to let his eyes adjust and let the temperature ease his head, and then starts looking around for Hannibal. He's wearing a white on ecru windowpane check suit with a dog rose pinned to the lapel, in the interests of visibility, and sort of glows into view in one of the back booths, talking to a girl who must be Abigail. He catches Will's eye over her head, and waves him over.

“I've taken the liberty of ordering you a rose lemonade,” Hannibal says, “it should be here soon.”

“You and your roses,” Will grumbles, sliding in next to him and looking across at Abigail. He starts to greet her, and then both of them stop in surprise, recognizing each other.

“Oh my god,” she says, “it's you! I thought there was some kind of vibe during that blood draw.”

Meeting Abigail II

When Abigail had mentioned working as a phlebotomy tech, Hannibal had of course never suspected such a delicious coincidence, but it turns out that she had done the draw for his and Will's pre-play blood panel, and been rather taken with him. She's too young to worry him, and he can hardly blame her for noticing Will's many charms. She is not without charm herself, a bright-eyed little predator cub that Hannibal will be proud to nurture into bestial splendor. They have a great deal to talk about beyond their shared perversion, and by the time they all need to get back to work, it has been agreed that Abigail will join them for dinner, something Hannibal is looking forward to immensely. Will seems to feel the same, even through yet another headache.

“You should come early,” he tells Will, after they've seen Abigail off, “I want to keep an eye on you.”

Will laughs. “Of course you do,” he says, but to his great credit, he shows up at Hannibal's home at just a quarter past four. This is plenty of time for Hannibal to give him painkillers and ice water with mint while he rests on the couch, dogs settling into a pile around him, only little Buster following Hannibal around as he prepares dinner. Hannibal talks to the dog in his native tongue, explaining each step of the process while their beloved Will naps. Hannibal will have to tell him in so many words that he loves him at some point, but now doesn't seem like the time.

Abigail is punctual, which is nice, and Hannibal gently shakes Will awake to eat at six. He seems to be feeling better when he wakes up, and drags Hannibal down into a long, slow kiss that runs through him like some kind of shockwave. He sighs, and murmurs, “We have company, darling,” which makes Will sit up and try to finger-comb his hair into order, an absolutely precious blush on his cheeks.

“You guys are adorable together,” Abigail informs them, and Will laughs.

“Thanks.”

“It gives me hope for my old age,” she teases, and Hannibal chuckles, helping Will to his feet.

Dinner is very pleasant, and afterward, when Abigail asks about his choice of boutonniere at midday, Will gracefully accedes to Hannibal's request that he display his backpiece for their guest. The graceless way he peels his shirt off makes Hannibal want to bite him. He unwinds clean bandages so slowly that it's almost more than Hannibal can bear. Abigail's breath catches audibly as Will stands there, bared to the waist at last, the rose standing out against his pale skin, lines the deep pink of a healing cut.

“It's so beautiful,” Abigail says, eyes alight in a way that makes Hannibal sure that she's one of their own kind, and understands these things. Will lets them look their fill, and then re-wraps his bandages so that he can sit down for dessert and not get ointment on his chair. “How did you two even meet? A few guys have messaged me on the site, but they're mostly

older than my dad and want to eat me. I mean, I could get into that, but he'd have to be more like my age and we'd have to take turns."

Hannibal laughs. "My dear, the tale is almost sordid."

"He means he used to be my shrink," Will says.

"That's both messed up and kinda hot," Abigail informs them, and Hannibal snorts quietly in amusement.

"Pretty much," Will says, turning his dish so that he can eat the edges of his crème brulee first, where the sugar crust is thickest. It's a juvenile habit that Hannibal finds far too endearing.

"So who shrinks your head now?" Abigail asks, eating her garnish.

"Hannibal referred me to a friend of his," Will says, continuing his circuit around the dish.

"A former student," Hannibal says, because he did have a reason beyond personal fondness. "Since my methods had enabled Will to make a great deal of progress, I thought that someone I had helped to teach might be a good match."

"You mind if I ask what you were progressing with? You totally don't have to tell me."

Will shrugs, blinking hard. "I, uh. I was having some trouble with the whole cannibal boner thing."

She laughs. "You poor thing, so was I."

"At least I'm only eating Hannibal."

"Who fucking loves it," she says, and Hannibal grimaces, regretting his post to one of the many 'share your fantasies' threads.

"I need to start lurking on this fucking site, don't I?" Will asks.

"You do," she says, and Will laughs.

Cannibal Love

Will is still having some trouble with the cannibal boner thing, and after Abigail leaves, he has to admit it to himself. The nightmares are back, and between having a fucking *blackout* and the way some of his terrible, intrusive thoughts about killing the people around him are coming back, Will is starting to really worry about himself.

He means to mention all of this to Hannibal, he really does, but then Hannibal is all close and slightly mussed and unbuttoned from cleaning up the kitchen and Will just has to tear his shirt off of his shoulders and bite his chest again and again like he's trying to reach his heart. Hannibal moans, his arms pinned to his sides by his shirt, tipping his head back and offering himself up to Will's teeth in a way that makes any kind of serious conversation completely impossible. Hannibal just breathlessly probably curses in what's probably Lithuanian. Will is already past caring, and herds Hannibal into his bedroom because it's the best place to strip him and get him horizontal. Hannibal scrambles out of his clothes and hardly seems to care where they end up, which is pretty flattering. Soon he's flat on his back, arms and legs opened to Will, who quickly joins him, hissing at the touch of skin on skin.

“Your eyes are wild tonight, my dog rose,” Hannibal purrs, and Will laughs weakly.

“I feel pretty wild tonight,” he says, and bites Hannibal's chest again, holding on so hard that there's the tiniest taste of blood.

Hannibal just closes his eyes and melts into it, panting softly and moaning as Will bites him again. He's afraid that he wouldn't be able to make himself stop if Hannibal wanted him to, but Hannibal doesn't want him to. In fact, when Will tries to stop, Hannibal begs for more, and of course after that it's hopeless. He bites up Hannibal's chest the way he did his back, and then worse. He actually does draw blood, and rubs his fucking face in it, moaning at the slickness of Hannibal's blood on his cheeks and at the sweet-iron smell of it everywhere.

“Ohh,” Hannibal sighs, stroking Will's hair. “Please, Will, please...”

“Want me inside you?” Will growls, and Hannibal whimpers a breathless affirmative.

He whines miserably when Will has to sit up to get the lube, and then groans as Will pushes two slick fingers into him. Will is rough with him, impatient and demanding, and Hannibal takes it and begs for more, wrapping around Will and whispering in his ear to fuck him harder, to bite him more, to fucking pound him senseless and devour whatever is left. He keeps pressing himself into Will's teeth even though there's enough blood to be kind of scary, groaning and digging his nails into the lines where Will's ass meets his thigh and pulling him in on each thrust, grinding down and down onto him, so hard it has to be painful but it just seems to make him want more. Will falls into a hazy red delirium, just fucking and biting Hannibal until he wails and comes and Will follows him over the edge, coming deep inside him and then collapsing on him with a helpless groan.

Will blinks and snorts, only now aware that he dozed off. “We need to wash,” Hannibal is telling him, and now Will can feel how sticky and itchy the blood and semen on both of them

is getting.

“Ugh.”

“Yes,” Hannibal says, gently pushing him. “Come on, we can shower together.”

Will lurches up and gives Hannibal a hand up, feeling horribly guilty at how chewed up he is. “Jesus fuck, Hannibal,” he mutters, and Hannibal laughs.

“Will, I wasn't bound. I would have kicked you off like an unbroken mule if I hadn't been enjoying myself.” He leans in to switch on the shower, waiting for the water to hit the right temperature.

It's still hot out, so Hannibal stops it at blood warm, and ushers Will into it, unsurprised when he commandeers the soap and starts carefully and tenderly cleaning Hannibal, his hands a little shaky as they touch the bites again and again, making Hannibal shiver and moan a little each time.

“I love it when you do this to me,” Hannibal whispers, and Will groans and hides his face in Hannibal's shoulder for a long moment, hugging him tightly from behind. Hannibal wraps his arms over Will's as the lukewarm water flows over them both. “I love you, Will,” he says.

“Good,” Will mutters into his hair, sounding close to tears. “I love you, too.”

Hannibal Told You So

Wonderful as Hannibal feels, he can tell that Will is genuinely shaken, and does his best to take care of him through the blissful haze of having been properly fucked. He helps Will to bind up his beautiful, bleeding bites, and then makes a restorative soup for them to share before tucking Will into bed, cuddling into his arms, and telling him again and again that it was wonderful. Will's skin is worryingly hot, and he seems a little hazy in a bad way. It's hard for Hannibal to place, but it worries him as he drifts off.

In the morning, Hannibal wakes to the smell of fever, hot and sickly bitter-sweet. He buries his face in the crook of Will's neck and breathes him in, then does the same under his arm and at the crease of his thigh.

“H'nn'b'l?” Will mumbles.

“You're staying home from work,” he says.

“You an' what army?”

“You have a fever,” Hannibal says, getting up and fetching his thermometer. Will grumbles and asks how he can possibly know, but he does let Hannibal tuck the device into his ear and then show him the result. Will may protest that he always runs hot, but 102 at the ear is too hot and he knows it..

“I think you'll be all right for today with rest and fluids,” Hannibal says, “but I am scheduling some tests, and you are going to undergo them, do you understand?”

“Yeah,” Will mutters. “I do feel pretty fucking bad. I gotta go see the dogs, though.”

This is how Hannibal finds himself following Will's car to make sure that he gets home safely. It's going to make him late, but at least this way he can make Will comfortable with some towels and medication and one of his awful ice pops, and get him called in to work. It's heartening to see him surrounded by dogs, and after Hannibal kisses Will in farewell, he pets them and charges them to take good care of their master. They wag their tails, and Winston at least seems to understand.

Even as Hannibal rushes to his office to not be more than ten minutes late for his first appointment, he has the nagging sense that he has forgotten something. It lingers in the background all morning, and adds to his natural anxiety about Will. He sends texts between appointments, reminding Will to eat the soup he left for him, and to rest. He gets no reply until he checks during his lunch break, to find that Will has sent him a goddamn winking frowny face (what does that even *mean*?) and a picture of Buster, which he does have to admit is very cute.

I have to wonder what ;(even means, Will he sends, *please enjoy this dingo pup and reply.*

There's no reply until he's halfway through his next appointment, the phone on silent as Franklyn unburdens himself of a bunch of insecurities. At least now he's in a new relationship. It's a time when anyone might feel this way, and if the man must swoon over someone, Tobias is at least genuinely attractive and apparently intelligent. He has also played Franklyn to sleep on the cello, a token of affection that the musician in Hannibal recognizes and regrets. Not everyone likes the harpsichord, but he still should have given it a try. Perhaps he can get someone to tune Will's tragically neglected piano... He shoves of all of this to the back of his mind to listen to Franklyn, even if the man is just talking in circles at this point.

When Franklyn's time is finally up, Hannibal can read Will's text, which is: *;(means that i feel like shit but that ur stil fiiiiiiiine*

Hannibal calls him in the ten minutes available, and is deeply irritated to receive no answer. He texts Will to take his temperature again and to drink some juice, and then that he has to start preparing for his next appointment. He still isn't sure what he's missing, and it's making him more and more tense. He manages to get through his next appointment, and then thanks a god that he doesn't believe in for a sudden cancellation. As he picks up his phone again, it buzzes with an incoming call. He curses when it isn't Will, but Alana is almost never a waste of his time, so he answers.

“Hannibal?” She sounds breathless and scared, and he snaps to attention immediately.

“Yes. What's wrong?” He's throwing his things together as he asks, ready to bolt to wherever he may be needed.

“Will started behaving erratically during our session today, and he's been admitted through the ER. He's stable, but god knows that both of us could use some moral support.”

“That's what I forgot,” Hannibal says, more to himself than to her.

“What?”

“I forgot to call in a cancellation. I can't believe that man sometimes,” he adds, locking his office and striding out past the receptionist, fighting the temptation to run.

The Rime Of The Feverish Will

When Will wakes up in the afternoon, he has a strange and urgent sense of something forgotten. He staggers up and takes a couple aspirin and tries to remember what he's supposed to be doing as the dogs crowd around him. Fuck. That's right. He's supposed to talk to Alana today. He feels like shit, but he doesn't remember Hannibal calling to cancel, and it'd probably be good for him to go. He sort of forgets what he's doing and then finds himself at the bathroom sink. He brushes his teeth and doesn't shave, because he's a little shaky and if he cuts himself he might get some kind of weird cannibal boner. It's best not to see too much blood just now.

Will loses track of himself again, but now he's in Alana's waiting room and no one is looking at him strangely. He's not sure how he got here, and it's really, intolerably hot even when he peels off his outer shirt. He has to tie it around his waist, and is tugging at the sleeves as Alana comes out to collect him.

“Will?”

“Here,” he says, like he's back in elementary school, and shuffles after her, a little dizzy and feeling again like he's forgotten something. Like he has forgotten everything, maybe. Alana's office is nice and cool, and he sighs as he sinks into the couch.

“Are you all right?” Alana asks, settling into her chair.

“Yeah,” Will mutters, eyes closed. “Just a lil' feverish.”

“You should probably be in bed, but since you're here, how have you been doing?”

“Ughhh. Kinda bad?” He opens his eyes again. “I mean like, Hannibal thinks there's something wrong with my brain. I lost some time and... fuck. Lost some on the way here.”

“That sounds pretty serious,” she says.

“It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't havin' wet nightmares. You know, like before?”

“You said you had come to an understanding of your interests in cannibalistic imagery and activities.”

“I thought I had, but now...” he loses track of himself again, somewhere between recounting the dreams and detailing the intrusive thoughts. When he comes back to himself, Alana is bending over him a little, looking concerned. Two cool fingers are pressed to his pulse, and he shudders, studying Alana, who seems somehow shadowy and bright at the same time as the room melts behind her. Will feels like he's turning to water, and he presses into the touch because that makes it feel like it's okay to be turning into water.

“Will,” Alana says, worried, “can you hear me?”

“Loud an' clear,” he tells her, raising his voice a little over the humming of energy coming off of her. “God, you're pretty.”

“Thank you,” she says, sounding more worried than ever as she puts the back of her hand to his forehead.

“Really pretty,” Will mumbles, and then it's just too fucking hot in here and he has to stand up.

“Will,” she says, hands on his shoulders like she's going to push him back down, “I think you should stay where you are.”

Something about the angle of the sunlight through the window makes her eyes *glow*, and Will leans in a little, fascinated by the effect. “Will--”

“So pretty,” he mumbles, brushing a lock of hair back from her forehead. “Look good enough to eat.”

“Will.” Her voice is like a whip crack, and Will suddenly realizes what he's doing and feels sick. He scrambles away from her and falls back onto the couch before sliding to the floor, his heart pounding in his ears and his stomach churning.

“Oh god,” he mumbles, “oh god I'm so fucking sorry, fuck, fuck, fuck my fucking head!” he clutches at it as the worst headache he has had in weeks starts up. He dimly hears Alana calling an ambulance, and digs in his pockets for painkillers, finding some and swallowing them dry. Of course it makes his already-miserable stomach wobble, and then he can't even grab the trashcan before he's throwing up, all over Alana's nice hardwood floor and what if it takes the varnish off and that's Abigail's ear. That's Abigail's delicate, pink and white shell of an ear lying there in the bile next to the pills, with one of the tiny silver hoops she had worn to dinner. Will just stares for a moment, and then tries to speak and utterly fails to do it right, making some weird noise as he climbs backward onto the couch, still staring at the ear even as Alana gently shakes him and calls his name.

Will loses some more time, and finds himself on his feet with a nice nurse holding his arm in a friendly way, but very firmly. That's okay. Will could use an anchor, with the floors all turning to water like this.

Bedside Manner

Hannibal remembers his comment to Will about trying to keep his ER visits to a minimum and feels like crying. He does not cry. He makes very good time to the hospital, and walks into the lobby at near-running speed. Alana, bless her heart, is waiting for him by the door.

“Hannibal,” she says, hugging him in her relief. They're usually more reserved than this with one another, but a hug is soothing right now. “They have him set up in Neurology right now, and he's been asking for you. Something about a person named Abigail.

“She's a friend of ours,” Hannibal says. “She's young and in college, maybe he's worried for her safety.”

“Probably,” Alana says, leading him up to the desk, where he has to prove his identity and promise not to rile the patient. He's as polite as he can manage to be, but by the time he's finally walking through the ward to Will's bed, he's nearly vibrating with impatience.

Will is in a gown and wristband, of course, and the head of his bed is raised enough to allow him to sip red grape juice through an articulated straw. He seems fairly calm, and Hannibal feels on the verge of collapsing with relief. He sighs and sinks into the nearest available chair, even though Alana is still standing.

Hannibal takes Will's hand, lacing their fingers together even as Will winces and blushes bright red. “Alana, I am so sorry,” he says, squeezing Hannibal's hand.

“I won't say that you acted appropriately,” Alana says, “but you weren't in your right mind. I will be happy to continue to work with you as long as you comply with your treatment regimen.”

“I don't think I'll have a problem doing that,” Will says softly. “Am I crazy?”

“No,” she says, studying him. “I can't be sure, but this seems like something with a very organic basis.”

“I would say encephalitis,” Hannibal murmurs, because he has been feeling like an idiot ever since he put that together, Will's fevers and headaches and cognitive disturbances. Still holding Will's hand, he pulls out his phone with the other and punches in Donald Sutcliffe's number. Whoever is actually on this case, Hannibal wants a second opinion, to say nothing of their long acquaintance. Donald is not judgmental about Hannibal's predilections, a favor Hannibal returns with his customary courtesy.

“Hannibal? To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Business, I'm afraid,” Hannibal says, as Will quietly finishes his juice, still looking a little upset, but much more composed. Alana takes the other chair and smiles at him. It reaches her eyes, and Hannibal could kiss her for that. “Can you find the time for a consultation?”

“Well...”

“A professionally interesting case, Donald,” he says, because it's true. If he were a neurologist that didn't adore Will, he'd be fascinated.

“When you put it like that...”

“It may be encephalitis, and you know hard that can be to spot.”

“You interest me strangely,” he purrs, and Hannibal snorts.

“I'll call you tomorrow,” he says, and hangs up so that he can kiss Will's hand and assure him that however he acted during his session with Alana today, that if she'll still speak to him, Hannibal certainly will. Will sets his empty juice cup aside and hugs Hannibal tightly, mumbling apologies for being a dumbass and a creep. Hannibal hushes him, and promises to look after his dogs and to call Beverly to help.

Alana excuses herself, assuring Will again that she is not angry with him and that he did not vomit up an ear. The idea of Will hallucinating such a thing makes Hannibal go cold all over, wondering if his joke about smoking Will's ears has had some dire side effects. He looks deep into those red-rimmed blue eyes, and strokes Will's hair.

“Darling boy, it isn't your fault that you're sick.”

“Yeah, but I creeped on Alana and puked on her floor and you were right, I should have gone to the doctor a long time ago.”

“We all make mistakes,” Hannibal says softly, and kisses his forehead. “It's not always easy to think clearly when you're sick.”

“...Can, can you stay here tonight? If Bev can make sure the dogs are safe, I mean.”

Hannibal smiles. “I'll see what I can do.”

The one good thing about this is that it's still not even six o'clock. Hannibal uses Will's phone to call Beverly, who is horrified to hear that he's so ill and pledges to go see about the dogs the second she gets out of the building.

“Can Brian or Jimmy do anything?” she asks, and he can hear her shoes echoing in what's probably a parking garage as Will rests his head back on the pillow, fumbling for Hannibal's hand again. Hannibal laces their fingers together and tells Beverly that he'll let her know, thanking her before passing the phone to Will, who gives her a bunch of fretful instructions and never once lets go of Hannibal's hand.

The Morning After (Will Can't Draw)

Will is pretty sure he sleeps. He loses time and sees strange things and through it all he can hear Hannibal on the cot next to him, which is nice. It's almost as good as having a dog in bed with him, keeping him company as he drifts in and out. He definitely wakes up once. He's on his feet in the hallway and Hannibal is gazing into his face in an anxious, medical way. He and a nurse lead Will back to bed, and Hannibal sits up with him and reads more of 'The Worshiper of the Image.' It's really spooky and the imagery starts working its way into Will's hallucinations, but he doesn't want Hannibal to stop. His voice is soothing.

When Will wakes up again, there's daylight coming through the windows and there's an unfamiliar guy at the foot of the bed. He's dressed like a doctor and Hannibal seems to know him, though, so it's probably all right.

Will blinks at him. “Hi?”

“Good morning,” he says. “I'm Donald Sutcliffe, your consulting neurologist.”

“...I'm that fucked up?”

“Pretty much,” he says. “In an absolutely fascinating way, mind.”

“Hannibal, did you get me a mad scientist?”

“Men like Sutcliffe are often gifted, Will,” he says, looking tired and amused and shockingly unrumpled for a guy who spent the night on a folding cot. He takes Will's hand, and Will blushes a little but squeezes it, glad of the contact. “He is also not judgmental,” Hannibal adds.

That's a damn good thing, because now that Will is awake they do the kind of comprehensive physical that gives Sutcliffe a good look at the healing rose on Will's back. All he says is, “Still one hell of a draftsman, Hannibal,” and, “are these individual stamens?” It's embarrassing, but also comforting, not to be treated like a freak. Especially when it's time to explain how many diseases he almost certainly can't have, because their blood panel would have caught them.

“I see,” Sutcliffe says, grinning as he looks over the papers that Hannibal has printed out for him. “You know, it's been too long since you needed this, Hannibal.”

“I care a great deal for Will,” he says, and kisses him on the head in front of god and everybody and Will is too tired and feverish to even mind that much. In fact, he leans back on Hannibal while Hannibal and Sutcliffe talk, because everything is making him tired.

He wakes right up when it's time for the MRI, though. He does not want to go in there at all, and it takes everything he has not to whine like a little kid. Hannibal seems to sense it, and murmurs into his ear that he'll stay right here and that Will will be all right. Even with Hannibal outside and soothing nature sounds piped in, Will is still incredibly glad to escape,

taking some antipyretics and painkillers and resting while everyone looks at the images. Will doesn't want to know what the inside of his head looks like, anyway.

He's dreaming (maybe) of a white mask that speaks to him in words that are water when a nurse gently shakes him. Sutcliffe and Hannibal are both there, and they hand him a notepad, asking him to draw a clock. Will doesn't see what this has to do with anything, but makes a neat circle and marks it off into quarters and then twelfths, writing the numbers and pointing the hands at three o'clock, because no one specified.

He hands the notepad back, and Sutcliffe's eyes go wide for a moment and Hannibal says, “Oh, *Will*,” so tender and so worried about him that Will feels like he's going to cry, and scrubs at his eyes with the back of one hand. Hannibal comes and sits on the side of the bed, holding Will close while Sutcliffe goes out to do some more consulting. Hannibal just talks to Will in Lithuanian, holding him and stroking his hair.

“...Can Beverly bring me a dog?” Will mutters at last, and Hannibal chuckles, nuzzling his hair.

“That can be arranged, Will,” he says softly, and Will sighs, clutching at his shirt and hiding his face against Hannibal's collarbone. He smells like himself and like that sandalwood and white musk soap he seems to have unlimited bars of. It's incredibly comforting.

“You sure I didn't eat Abigail's ear?” Will asks. He's not too worried anymore, since if he really had it would have been bagged and recovered, but the idea has a way of creeping up and worrying him again.

Hannibal checks the time on his phone. “I think she might be free to reassure you herself,” he says, and makes a call.

Abigail Has Both Ears

Hannibal has already memorized his young friend's class schedule, simply to avoid calling her when she should be listening. Now is her lunch break, though, and she answers quickly.

“Hi, Hannibal! What's up?”

“Will's headaches turned out to be something serious,” he says, “but it's the treatable kind of serious.”

“Oh no! Is he okay for now?”

“He is much more stable,” Hannibal says, stroking Will's hair, “but he had a very bad hallucination that he had harmed you, and wants to see you.”

“Poor guy. I had a nightmare once that I ate my first crush, and at least I could wake up and know I had dreamed it! Do you have FaceTime?”

Hannibal does, and once he has it activated he can see Abigail sitting on bench on the quad, looking healthy and happy, with her hair pulled into a partial ponytail that shows both of her ears, attached to her head and adorned with little flower-shaped studs that are a little childish, but very becoming.

Hannibal smiles at her. “You look lovely today, Abigail. Shall I hand you off to Will?”

“You shall,” she says, and Will smiles as he takes it, gazing at her fondly. “See?” she says, “I'm fine. You have never eaten me, even a little. You're cute, Graham, but you're too old for me.”

He laughs. “Thanks, kid.”

“I'm glad you're not too sick, and I hope you get better soon. How long are you in for? Should I visit?”

“I'd love to see you, and I think it'll at least be a couple of days. They had me draw a clock, and I think I did it wrong.”

“Oh shit, that's some kind of hemispherical spatial neglect thing, I think. You're really messed up.”

Will rolls his eyes. “Thanks, Abigail.”

“I mean that I'm glad you're in the hospital! That's some dangerous shit.”

Will sighs. “I'm glad too. I thought... I thought I was turning into a monster.”

“Like, a hallucination?”

“Not really. I...” he winces, still looking so miserably guilty that Hannibal just has to cuddle him, careful not to jostle the phone too much. “I kinda creeped on my psychiatrist, and I still feel bad about it and then I puked and saw your ear in it and that was really bad.”

“Well, here I am, with my delicious ears uneaten,” she says. “And I can't imagine you really creeping, what did you do?”

“Ugh, I kept mumbling about how pretty she was, and then I got almost close enough to kiss her and touched her hair and told her she looked good enough to eat.” His face is flaming red by the end of this recital, and Hannibal strokes his hair.

“And what did she do?”

“Well, once she stopped trying to be soothing and spoke sharply, I realized what a creep I was being.”

“And that makes you not a creep, dude. I'm here in the damn hunting ground. Do you have any idea how many college girls get raped every year? A guy who stops when you put on your Serious Business voice is all right in my book. Especially when his brain is on fire!”

“I know, I keep telling myself I was pretty nuts at the time. Still, a line was crossed and it was not good.”

“You worry too much. Hannibal, take care of him, I gotta finish this and get to class.”

“Of course, Abigail,” he says, and she grins, blowing them a kiss and hanging up.

“Feel better?” Hannibal murmurs, and Will twists his neck to smile up at him.

“Yeah,” he says, and makes a soft noise in his throat when Hannibal kisses him, clutching at his shirt again in that helpless, needy way that makes Hannibal want to pick him up and carry him somewhere safe and then just hold him for days. But he actually needs medical attention, and Hannibal is not at all surprised when Donald and the actual presiding physician come back in to say that Will should at very least stay overnight again for observation as he work on his medications.

“We'll have to see how the drugs work first,” the presiding says, “but Mr. Graham seems young and healthy enough to fight this down again with our help.”

“In cases like this it's hard to be sure just what the inciting pathogen is,” Donald says. “We'll have to treat your symptoms more than anything, and you'll have to watch out in future for anything that might suppress your immune system, like stress or exhaustion.”

“Even good life changes count as stressful, I guess,' Will says, squeezing Hannibal's hand. Hannibal returns the pressure, and feels a warm glow around his heart.

Scary Stories And Chicken Soup

Apparently Will's main job is to sleep, take medication, and cooperate with tests. There's a small blood draw and talk of a spinal tap, which he hears hurts like a bitch, and then some tasty pills and more napping. He feels bad that Hannibal has to fret over him without even getting a smile in return for hours at a time, but he says that he doesn't mind and reads Will more of his fucked up scary story. By now it's comforting, and the hallucinations are dialing back enough that Will isn't seeing the mask anymore. That's almost too bad, it was very beautiful. Of course he cries at the part where the little kid dies, but they're committed now.

“Little brat was Too Good For This Sinful Earth anyway,” Will mutters, scrubbing at his eyes.

“Indeed,” Hannibal says, and kisses his forehead. “Do you want me to go on, or to stop for a while?”

“Stop for a while,” Will says, and reaches out for Hannibal's hand, squeezing it. Hannibal squeezes back, and they just sit there for a while, until the clicking of claws and the slow wave of cooing and clicking let him know that Beverly is here, with Winston at her side. He told her to bring Winston, since he is one of the best with people. All of Will's dog's are friendly, but some are easier to rattle than others, and Winston is so calm that Will has been thinking of getting him certified as a therapy dog.

“Okay,” Beverly says to Winston, “here we are, with Dad and Uncle Hannibal.”

Hannibal gets up and lowers the bed so that Winston can swarm up to lick Will's face, his tail wagging frantically. Will laughs, and murmurs reassurances to him, scratching him behind the ears. “Such a good boy,” he says at last, when Winston is calmer, and looks up at Beverly.

“Thanks, Beverly.”

“Hey, any time,” she says. “They all miss you, but Winston has really been worried.”

“Well, you don't need to be, buddy,” Will tells the dog, and then thanks Beverly again, asking about how everyone is eating and reminding her where the medication is if Bailey's hips start bothering her. She laughs, and promises to look after his creatures as if they were her own.

Hannibal leaves when she does, which is lonely, but he promises to come back soon. The poor guy hasn't even changed his clothes since yesterday, and Will knows how much he dislikes that. It's a little embarrassing to kiss him in farewell in front of Beverly, but she just smiles and leads Winston out, quietly assuring him that he'll get to see Will again soon.

Will dozes off and dreams of his dogs, waking up in the hallway again. He politely thanks the nice nurse for walking him back to bed, and is as cooperative as he can manage when Sutcliffe comes over to do more neurological tests. Will can tell that he's writing everything down in his little fucking notebook for later, but someone has to help him fix his brain.

“Dr. Sutcliffe?” Will asks, when they're alone in the mostly empty ward together, the afternoon sun slanting golden through the windows.

“Yes?”

“You know a lot about me and about Hannibal.”

“Not so much, but perhaps more than a man like you would like.”

“What kind of pervert are you?” Will asks. “It's gotta be something.”

Sutcliffe laughs. “I wouldn't ordinarily dignify that with an answer, but you probably do feel pretty exposed. Do you like horses, Will?”

“Kinda like big dogs,” Will mumbles. “Please tell me you're not a horsefucker.”

Sutcliffe stares at him for a long moment and then laughs so hard that he has to take a moment to catch his breath. “No, no, I prefer to be the horse, when I can. The good old Aristotelian perversion.”

“...Do you wear feathers on your head?”

“It has been known to happen,” Sutcliffe says. “Does that help?”

“A little,” Will admits, and Sutcliffe leaves him to take yet another nap.

When Will swims up to wakefulness again, Hannibal is there, and he has actually brought chicken soup. Made with black-boned Silkie chicken and wolfberries, of course, but it's a hell of a lot better than hospital food, and it's soothing to listen to the history of the breed while he eats. It's also soothing when Hannibal starts petting him, just like Will might do with an injured or sick dog that's finally eating again.

Tender Loving Care

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Once it has finally begun, Will's treatment is gloriously uneventful. Sutcliffe's prescriptions and some actual rest and proper care work wonders. With Hannibal bathing Will instead of uncaring nurses, and thrice-daily visits from his dogs, he is soon feeling better, and after another two nights, Will is home again and Donald has Hannibal's undying gratitude. Will still has to go back in for plasmapheresis, but at least there are trustworthy people to drive him there and back when Hannibal can't. He leaves prepared meals in Will's fridge, so that even if he's running late to an appointment and Hannibal isn't there, he can still eat something nourishing before he goes in.

Will laughs at him, but Hannibal can tell that he's touched by the effort. Will shows it every day, in the way he cuddles close when Hannibal hugs him, and in his tender concern to make sure that Hannibal feeds himself in the midst of his efforts for Will, and the truly gorgeous photo he sends Hannibal one day, of his vibrant red blood coursing through the machine's tubes.

Beautiful, Hannibal texts in response, *but I think I'd rather have one of you than of the tubing, even consecrated by your glorious blood.*

Five minutes later, he gets a reply: *your wish is my command, fair one* The accompanying picture is of Will, lounging back in his hospital bed, his hair tousled and his t-shirt riding up over his belly. He looks dissolute and slightly helpless and utterly perfect, and Hannibal gazes at the picture for a long time, committing it to memory.

Thank you, dearest boy. He sends at last, and laughs aloud at the answer he receives.

you're welcome. now send me a picture of your lunch like the hipster you are

Hannibal has already eaten, but arranges duck bones and orange peel into the shape of a heart with Will's name in the center, and sends that and a line of heart emojis.

you're a freak and i love you for it Will sends, with some hearts of his own. Hannibal is positively glowing during his next session, and it's just as well because it's Franklyn, and he's glowing too. Hannibal gazes upon him with real fondness, and is pleased to hear, in an embarrassed, elided way, that the sex is fantastic and is a great help in Franklyn actually owning his attraction to men.

“I... he's just so-- Dr. Lecter, do you think a person can be gentle without being tender?”

“Perhaps so. What do you mean?”

Franklyn blushes. “I mean that... I mean that he's gentle with me, but with a kind of detachment, sometimes.” His flush deepens. “Sometimes that's hot, but I wonder if I'm

maybe not doing enough for him."

"Have the two of you discussed kinks?" Hannibal asks, thinking about having polite vanilla sex with Will, and how detached he would have to be to keep from biting him or talking about devouring him.

"Not really," Franklyn admits, and Hannibal smiles.

"You may be the more loving one, but he might also be holding back. A conversation about sexual fantasies and related interests might be just what you need."

Hannibal mulls over his advice to Franklyn as he drives home at the end of the day, idly wondering just what sort of things Tobias might be into. It's an entertaining pastime, since he knows almost nothing about the man, but he abandons it as he pulls up to Will's house, taking the front steps two at a time in his haste to check on Will.

Beverly Katz answers the door, and grins at him. "The patient has been resting with dogs, and his temperatures are very good."

"Thank you," Hannibal says, and surprises himself by actually hugging her. She laughs and pats him on the back.

"Hey, what are friends for? I'd be here anyway. Come in." She leads him into the house, where Will is sprawled on his low bed by the fire, snuggling his various dogs. He smiles at Hannibal and reaches for him. Hannibal obeys the infantile gesture, settling on the edge of Will's bed and hugging him tightly. He takes a deep breath of his scent, which is a little chemical with medications, but free of that feverish sweetness.

"I adore you, my dog rose," he whispers, as Beverly goes back to sweeping the floor. "Have you eaten?"

"We were just about to."

"I have a particularly intimate dish in mind," he says, and Will blushes, and murmurs that someone named Jimmy owes him one sex-related favor, surreptitiously texting him to invite Beverly to dinner right damn now.

trying to sexile her without being mean? you lucky dog. get it, dog?

yes. i want my dear friend fed, but not here just now.

gotcha.

A second later Beverly's phone rings. She's already tactful enough to suppose that they might want to be alone together, and she jumps at the offer of Korean barbecue at her favorite place, vanishing within five minutes. Hannibal smiles, kissing will and then getting up to draw some blood to mix with a bit hidden in the back of Will's fridge. He looks up to see Will staring at him as he drains blood into a bowl.

“I'm going to make you some juka, darling boy,” he says. “You need to get your strength back.”

Will whimpers, and kisses Hannibal hungrily before helping him to bandage the puncture site and then hugging him around the waist from behind, following him around as he cooks, like some kind of ridiculous dance. It's silly and sweet, just like Will, and when the soup is done Hannibal tells him so, spoon-feeding him the dark, rich soup as he settles down into bed again, hopeful dogs watching them.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone who wants some Tobias/Franklyn should weigh in on what odd kinks Tobias might have. I have a few ideas of my own, but nothing definite, so please, be a helper if the spirit moves you.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!